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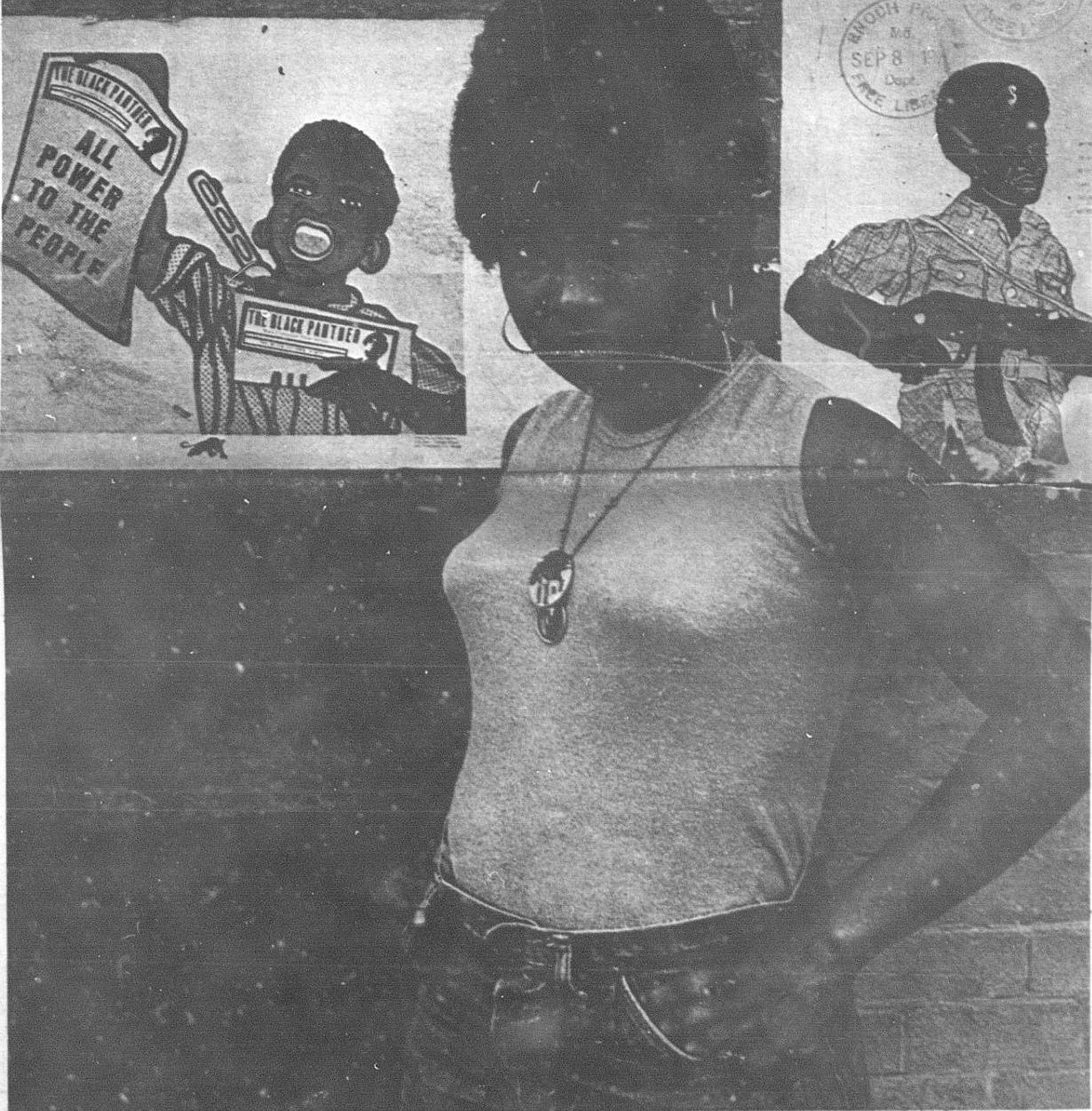
THE BALTIMORE UNDERGROUND JOURNAL

Vol. 1 No. 17

July 2, 1970

harry

Serving the Baltimore underground community since 1969



I'm Not Going To No Damn Africa! I Feel Like Our People Built This Country
And It Was Built On Our Sweat And Our Blood And I'm Going To Stay Right Here
And Take What Belongs To Me.

ANITA STROUD

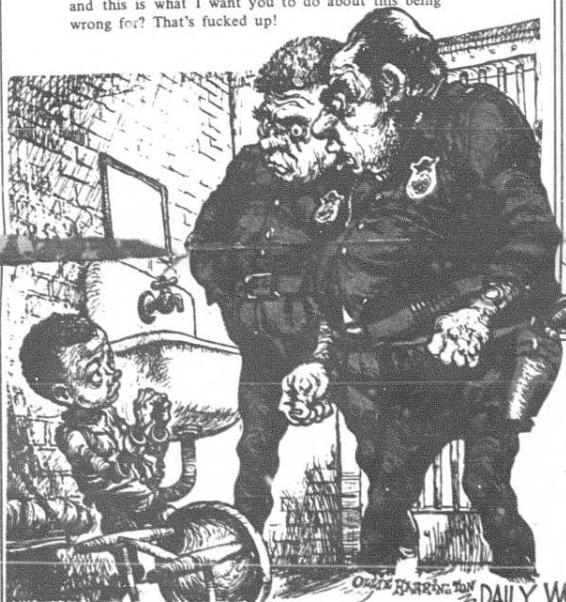
ANITA STROUD Continued from Page

vor of the students and put down the administration so much.

But the part at the end of the thing about having all this patience and to wait for them and somehow the students and the teachers will profit by this experience.

It seems like no matter how much a person will be on your side when it comes down to what actions to take they always take the have patience road and that's not the road the students are going to take any more. What happened at Kent is what's happening in colleges all across the country and the high schools is supporting each other. It's building it and this thing about having patience is not going to work for Eastern or any school in the city. I don't think it's going to work anywhere. The report was good except for that 11 page report Iago put out about the subversive forces. I think that any person who has an average amount of common sense must realize that no matter how you put it, whether it is a lie or the truth, you can not build up discontent without already having the seeds of discontent.

So they can call it subversive forces, they can call it any damn thing they want to call it. You can't build nothing up unless there's something there. People can't be unhappy unless there's something to be unhappy about. So I don't care how many people make up reports about subversive forces. The only thing that pisses me off is that they don't give the student's credit for being able to think for themselves. By the time you get to the 10th grade you're so stupid that you don't know whether you're being mistreated or not. You're so stupid you don't know something is wrong. Somebody's got to come to you and say this is wrong and this is what I want you to do about this being wrong for? That's fucked up!



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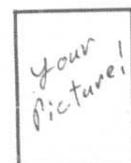


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HAVE CARNAL KNOWLEDGE FOR PEACE

by Thomas V. D'Antoni

Y'see I bought this "Fuck for Peace" bumper sticker at the Strategy Action Conference in Milwaukee. I also bought a couple others. I put them on the car in Milwaukee too. I figured I'd give the front bumper a good representation from both sides of the revolution. On one side I put "Free Our Sisters, Free Ourselves" and on the other, "Fuck for Peace." One for the political and one for the cultural aspects of this revolution we're making.

Bullshit! Actually, I put the "Free Our Sisters" sticker on so that Baltimore Women's Lib would stop calling HARRY male chauvinist, and I thought the "Fuck for Peace" was neat. Yippie!

So we drove through Wisconsin, Indiana, Ohio, and Pennsylvania on the way home. After twelve hours of that Glenn Ehase of HARRY, Ed Sternberg of PAC, a hitchhiker and I drove up to Chauncey's Drive-in (specializing in twenty-five cent hamburgers and ugly waitresses) south of Frederick. Glenn noticed that the car we pulled up next to was an unmarked police car. Plymouth, black walls, 2-way radio antenna. The state police book on the seat confirmed it.

While we were eating, we played a round of Maryland heads' favorite game, "Which one is Frank Mazzone?" Well, not only wasn't the one we picked out Frank Mazzone, but he also wasn't the one who

approached me outside as we were leaving and said, "Do you own this car?"

"Yeah," I said.

"I am placing you under arrest for having an indecent or obscene sign on your car."

"Well, fuck you very much," I replied. "You know after the revolution, you're

out of a job. As a matter of fact you'll be the one in jail."

Stare.

"You know," I riffed, "if they try to cut one hair on my head, I'll sue. If I lose, we'll blow up the courthouse."

He wrote that down.

"Don't make threats!!" said Glenn.

"Well, he's just got to understand how it is," said I.

In a few minutes a second cop came with a Polaroid, and the cop who busted me — Corporal William L. Newcomer, a state police veteran — took a picture of the sticker on the car. While he was doing this I got into a conversation with the other cop.

"You got any drugs in there?" he asked.

"Yeah, what do you want? Grass? Mesc? Hash? Acid?"

"What do you have in there?"

"You want to use quantities or you just want one hit?"

He smiled.

"You cops up here into dealing smack like the cops in Baltimore?"

On the way to the police officers station, Newcomer asked me where I worked. I told him HARRY. He said he'd seen it. He said it ominously. I asked him if he liked it. "I don't care for it," he replied.

"Oh," I said.

At the barracks, I was fingerprinted and asked a lot of questions for the former Newcomer had to fill out. Address, phone, marital status, name, nickname...

"Che."

"What?"

"Che."

"How do you spell that?"

"C-H-E."

"Grumble, grumble."

So I spent about two hours in the State Police slams, sleeping and writing YIPPIE! on the walls before they transferred me to the Frederick Jail.

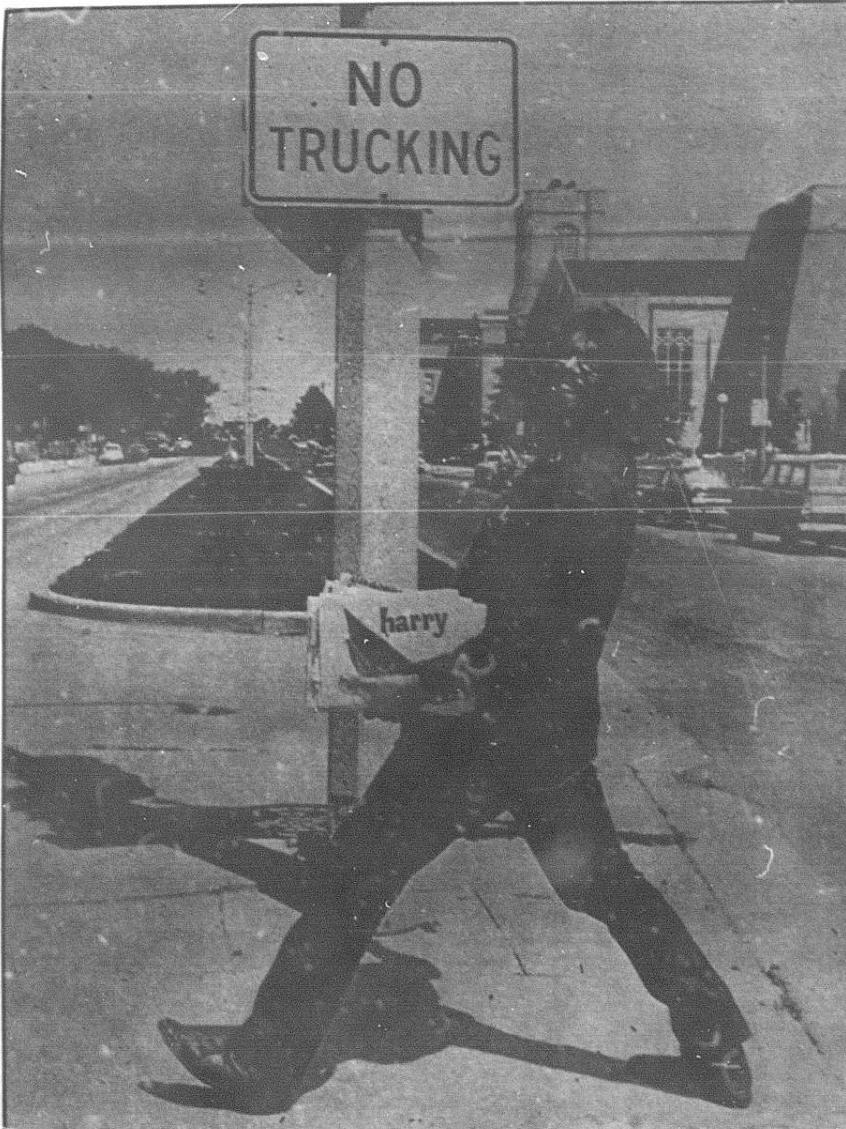
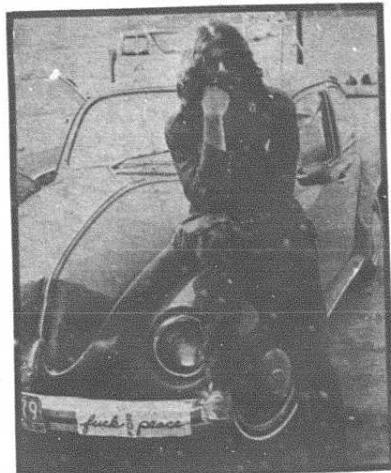
Lemme tell you about the Frederick Jail, brothers and sisters. From the front it looks like an old house. A very old house. Inside it looks worse.

It's 95 years old, people. On the door of each cell there is a freize which says, "Cast in 1875". That's old.

I didn't have much fun in there. Not only wouldn't they let me have my pen, but the smell of the place, the look of the place and the drunk in there with me brought me down a lot.

So I was bailed out. Two hundred and fifty dollars worth from some nice people, and the ACLU is going to take the case. That's good because the maximum penalty is a two hundred dollar fine and a year in jail, and I'm on no martyr trip. The first duty of a revolutionary is to stay out of jail.

Well, you know what they say, Rejoice, rejoice, we have no choice but to keep on truckin'.





MILWAUKEE CONFERENCE GOOD TRIP

by THOMAS V. D'ANTONI

This was to be the big mother. The flier said, "Compelled by a sense of urgency and a desire for unity among many groups, we are calling an emergency Strategy Action Conference in Milwaukee on June 27-28." Called by mostly New Mobe people, it included everybody from the Panthers to SCLC, from New Mobe to Women's Lib, and from AFSC to the National Welfare Rights Organization. White and black and brown; middle class and working class; welfare calls; radicals, peace freaks and Commies. There was a student strike conference called on the same days at the same location. The SAC was to "be meeting in close liaison with the national conference of students."

I expect it to be total chaos. It wasn't—but almost.

Although it was called for Saturday and Sunday, Women's Lib called a women's caucus for Friday at 1 p.m. Upon hearing this a group of men at the SAC decided they would have a men's caucus, so the first night ended with the women at one end of the building and the men at the other.

As a token gesture of support for Women's Lib and as a bit of self-flagellation the men decided they were all male-chauvinists (well we are—just like all whites are racists—the system rivets it into us) and that they would run the day care center. The women were in an unhappy belligerent mood (remember—I didn't say bitchy)—perhaps if they had remembered they were dealing with movement people and not male corporation executives with harnes of female secretaries, things could have been more peaceful. Perhaps if the men hadn't acted like frightened liberals also.

isim was hardly discussed. The morning session broke up into workshops including "Radical Organizations and Liberal Institutions," War Tax Resistance, "Prisons", Racism and Sexism, "Media," and about twenty others.

The media workshop was very dull and pretty stupid. Some of us wanted to talk about alternative media (Radio Free People, Newsreel, and underground papers) but most of the others discussed the topic "Guidelines for Good Media Relations"—good relations with the straight media. How fucked up is that? One—this is 1970 not 1964 and two—the media being the tool of the ruling class precludes any honest "good relationship" with them.

Some of the other workshops however were lively and raucous. The "Radical Organization and Liberal Institutions" turned itself into a self-styled "people's caucus" attended by mostly NWRO people.

At the plenary session later in the afternoon chaos broke out, all hell broke out—The People's Caucus Broke Out! Led by a massive NWRO white women who appeared to be trying to compensate for a supposed lack of intelligence with unnecessary belligerence, volume, and toughness—the Caucus demanded that the conference pass only the two proposals from the P.C. and no more than that. They wanted the conference to discuss the problem of NWRO soley (or souley).

You can imagine what kind of uproar this caused. People were getting up and screaming at each other. Everybody was talking at once. A lot of anger and a lot of hostility and a lot of bad vibes (if I can use that work in a political story) were passed around.

I got fed up and walked out—came back a few minutes later and met up with a Yippie. We came to the conclusion that everybody should adjourn to the ballroom and ball. Have a nice orgy and THEN have their session. We didn't get out and suggest it however. What we did do is write "FUCK ORGANIZATION! YIPPIE!!" on everything we could find.

about each other, but gradually it changed to a reserved tolerance sometimes, and open friendliness at others. I hope being together here caused some of the internecine pettiness which has plagued relations between Baltimore groups in the past and that all of us can go on with what we're about on a cooperative level.

The conference was good if for no other reason than the fact that so many groups got together and met without a melodramatic floor fight or an SDS type walkout. That was a miracle.

It was not dominated by "movement heavies" although some were there (Re-YIPPIE!!) on everything we could find.



Finding the session pure bullshit, we left it. By the way the People's Caucus didn't get what they wanted.

Regional workshops were held next. At the Eastern workshop the people from

New York City displayed their usual regional chauvinism. They seemed to think that the world revolves around their ass-hole city and that nothing happens outside of it. We left there too because of his and because of the chairman—about 50—a Commie who kept calling Women's Lib people "young ladies."

Finally found something that wasn't bullshit—a radical caucus. The revolutionaries seemed to be the only group at the conference who truly had their heads together. Sure there was some arguing and shouting and bickering, but they entered into it with the notion that they were meeting with their friends not their enemies. These people aren't the oppressors they're movement people—in what we're into and yes, we have differences but let's talk about them and also our similarities—seemed to be the tenor of the meeting.

The caucus ended up supporting all parts of the revolution—Women's Lib, NWRO, culture, trashing, and dope. All of these things will be refined and details will be worked out at the regional conferences.

Some good things happened within the Baltimore contingent of about ten people. There were two HARRY people and the rest were Baltimore Defense Committee, Peace Action Center, and Women's Lib people. At first there was a coolness between us and some Women Lib people—each of us making snide remarks

nic Davis, Dave Dellinger, and Sid Peck). Maybe we're finally getting it together.

Sunday, the whole conference met again despite a lot of disruption from NWRO people who just couldn't relate to the conference very much and who acted as though the movement were oppressing them. Their actions notwithstanding, the session passed on some very important things.

There are going to be regional workshops to be called within one month to discuss the other things the conference passed on including a huge march—disruption of Washington D.C. in October—to be worked out in local collectives and Regional conferences between then and now. There was also talk of massive disruption and an Abbie Hoffman type "Insurrection City" also.

The conference voted to support the NWRO in their struggle to gain a grant of \$5,500 for each welfare family. It also passed on a National Boycott of various large corporations.



A Peace Action Center library has been started by the Hoi Polloi collective ("HOI POLLOI" means "the common masses" in Greek). It is located in the front room of the PAC. Its purpose is to provide and to share reading material in the Baltimore radical community. Also, it may serve as a meeting place for casual encounters or regular discussion groups. We have about twenty-three radical newspapers and magazines plus individual copies of other papers. We have over a hundred books in our collection, which is expanding. There is a rack of pamphlets for sale, as well as a table of free lit.

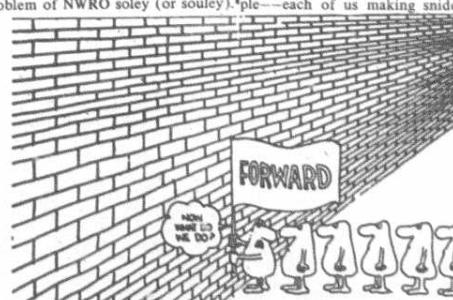
Several exchange programs have been initiated. We may borrow books from the American Friends Service Committee Library. (The AFSC also has many relevant books for sale.) Duplicate photo-stats (of articles) in the Johns Hopkins library may be available on request. For further information, contact Ed Sternberg. We are interested in setting up other exchange programs, as well as establishing library card pools. In a library card pool, we would keep a list of people who would be willing to lend their library card at any given institution misuse, library cards would probably have to be lent on a personal basis. Should you want a book which the library does not have, we have a list of people and the books they want. Put your name and the book you want on the list and hopefully someone who has that book will get the book to you and/or add his name to the list next to the book you want.

If you have any books, ideas, or time, please bring them to our library. Use the library. It exists for us.

For further information, contact a member of Hoi Polloi through the PAC. Call 889-0065.

If you are interested in joining a collective Hoi Polloi is still open to new people. We have discussion-education meetings on Mondays and business meetings on Wednesdays. For information contact a Hoi Polloi member through the PAC 889-0065. (All meetings are in the evening.)

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PEOPLE'S TECHNOLOGY

A polemic disguised as a review of *Mother Earth News* and suchlike magazines.

by H. Lawrence Lack

I've now read three issues of *Mother Earth News*, a new and promising publication focusing on getting free of the system. *Mother* joins the immensely successful *Whole Earth Catalog* in answering the massively fely need for a personal grasp on technology.

The blossoming of interest in what's been called "independence-oriented technology" is a welcome sign that people are moving to take back the arts and techniques, engineering, cultivation — all the means of control over their lives — from the giant corporate forces that have so totally monopolized those means over this century.

But this urge is still an infant. The motto of *Mother Earth News* is "It Tells You How." What it does not tell you — what the whole independence-technology movement does not tell you — is WHY?

If we didn't live in such poisoned and dangerous times, it might be OK to figure that the flat techniques, the how of living free, is their bag; they're specialized and that's that.

But with the Agnews who still run deathship America wrapping the noose of fascism around our necks, we had better talk why as well as how when we talk about getting free, or we ain't gonna get there. And we'd better also be thinking and talking about how we can make this independence-technology business available to those who are presently denied the middle-class luxuries of dropping out: the workers and the poor who are still trapped by the death culture into struggling to drop in. Freedom — we can't let ourselves forget — is indivisible. We aren't free until everybody is, and right now all this mother earth talk is dirt cheap talk confined mostly to middle-class ex-college snot-noses the likes of us. For us to merely swap notes about dropping out of the rat race is to stand on the sidelines of a life and death struggle between the oppressors and the oppressed. And to be on the sidelines of that struggle is just not enough, because what we do in the remaining part of this century may just decide whether there will be succeeding centuries of life on this much talked about mother earth. Just to refrain from being oppressors ourselves is not enough. Human life and human liberation are indivisible, and we have to live like that implies or risk irrelevance, risk impotence, risk fiddling while the world burns.

Dare to struggle, dare to live, mothers and earthcatalog freaks.

The job of making a countersociety of life has to be the central goal of both the political liberation movement and the alternative lifeways movement, but presently a huge gulf separates the two. The politicos at this point are largely concerned with the confrontation kind of revolution, which is vacuous when it doesn't rest on an alternative economy and society that can really challenge, undermine, and eventually replace the old one. The process of defining in action what the revolution is for has been neglected, albeit not entirely, by a movement swept

along by the confrontations that present themselves so readily in a society that is demonstrably disintegrating and reacting with the viciousness of a cornered animal.

The result, despite considerable interest in alternative lifestyles among movement people, despite experimentation in communal living, collectives, role and relational experiments, and more, is a movement whose major aspect is still ideology and rhetoric of a kind which is less than solidly based on living out new paths and building the cells of a new America.

The dropout culture, at its best, is into building. But it stays aloof in many cases

from the revolutionary political movement. And even at its building best it suffers from rootlessness, a disconnectedness that results from immersion in the details of creating one thing — a commune in the country, a medical clinic, a drug-rehab unit, whatever — without giving thought and effort to linking these projects with the things other people are doing.

Links are urgently needed. Not that no one is trying. Publications that include the *New Schools Exchange*, *Vocations for Social Change*, and others. But potential links that cry out to be forged — expansion and change oriented producer-consumer coops, for example — are too often ignored by both schools of revolution.

And the rule is still a frightening absence of whole thought and joint strategy which happens, at least in part, due to the suicidal hostility and paranoia that keeps the two schools of change not just apart but at odds. And worse, both schools are badly divided among themselves.

But, you say, revolution worth the name is the realization of a world in which "a hundred flowers flourish and a thousand schools contend." And you're right on, as long as invoking the hundred flowers doesn't mean surrendering to a world of isolated efforts kept isolated (and therefore weak, fragile, and impotent) by fratricidal bickering.

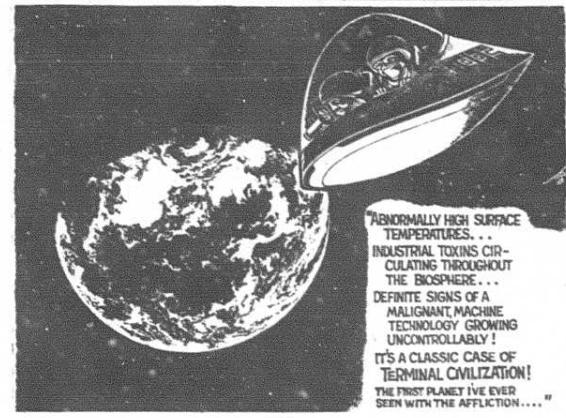
Survival is the highest hurdle we're going to face. The death throes of the old order are going to create conditions and sufferings beyond our imaginings. What we do now to build a network of social units that can function and serve the people through Armageddon will certainly help to decide whether man will still be recognizably human.

Many of us are prone to suspect organization because, up to now, most organization has been commandeered and wielded by the death machine. But if this legacy leads us to suspect each other and our own creations, our own attempts to serve human need and relieve human suffering, we will have made a fatal mistake.

We have to fly in the face of history and liberate a new legacy. Are we doing that? Let's face it: Very little has been done so far to free anyone from basic dependence on the profit-gearred market economy. We may have learned to live for less and to do more for ourselves, but in the main we must still turn to the deathworld dealers for our basics, even if we now buy wholesale or do some agriculture or product-processing ourselves. In the areas that are critical — providing raw materials, transportation, fuels — there is no counter-infrastructure. If all that the counterculturists can build is a "lifestyle", nothing much will change.

Meanwhile the politicos are bent on kicking in the beast of state with little thought for what would follow — whether, for example, without the safety net of alternative sustainers, the result of a demolished Amerika would be an improvement.

If this powderkeg planet is ever to turn into Liferaft Earth, some heavy crosspollination of the hundred flowers of revolution is going to have to happen soon. If we stay mired in our own ideologies or our own alternatives we and our mother earth are going to go down.



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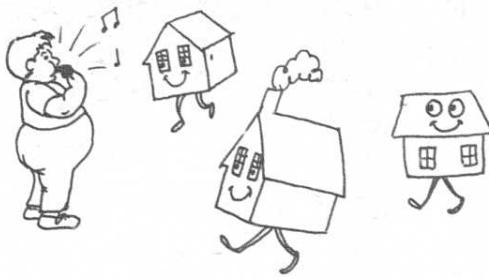


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HOUSE CALL

by Stephen Howard M.D.

Q: Recently we have been "turning on" by inhaling Pam. Pam is a product used to spray in pans to keep food from sticking. It does not say anything about being dangerous to inhale. Pam is made of lecithin, vegetable fat, and a propellant. Is there any way you could find out what the propellant is for us? We really like using this but we don't know what later effects might be. Please help us (if you can).

P.S. If we might get in trouble by you printing this letter (like say if some pigs read this letter and make some trouble) just print the answer. We'd really appreciate it.

A: First of all, no one gets in trouble through this column. Names are never printed, and all mail and my own files are protected by laws governing confidential information between physician and patient. No one can ever force me to give out receive.

Down to your question. Lecithin and vegetable fat are natural substances which are harmless, and will not produce a high. The propellant in Pam and other similar substances is a hydrocarbon combination which, like airplane glue, is in the class of inhalant drugs. In other words, what you are doing is essentially the same thing as

glue-sniffing. This will produce a nice high, but you are also taking a real chance of damaging your body. Hydrocarbons can seriously harm the liver and kidneys, and perhaps also cause brain damage. I would really advise you to stay away from the stuff.

Q: I heard that if you get a couple hundred heavenly blue (uncoated) morning glory seeds, and grind them up with a pepper grinder and eat them it produces a good high or psychedelic experience. I would like to know if this is true. But one thing: don't use Northrop King brand seeds. Well when I went looking at some seeds I found the Northrop kind and on the back of the packet said they are poison treated. I thought that's why not to use Northrop seeds. But when I found some other brand morning glory seeds, the same thing was on the back of that pack, too. Now, if eating a couple of the packs are marked poison: is it because it gets you high that they're marked poison. Or do you have to find some uncoated or unpoison seeds to do it with without getting poisoned. I would be very grateful for the answers to my questions and any additional information you might have. Please give me an answer fast as possible. If you publish this, please don't

publish my name. They have to be heavenly blue morning glory seeds. I hope you can read my handwriting.

A: Morning glory seeds contain ololiuqui, composed mostly of lysergic acid monoethylamide, whose chemical structure and effects are very similar to those of LSD. The dangers seem to be about the same as LSD, no more and no less.

When this was discovered, legislation was considered which would have outlawed these seeds. This created the interesting vision of narcs shooting it out with little old ladies in their flower gardens. Instead, the manufacturers are now required to coat their mg seeds with a noxious substance which causes severe nausea and vomiting. This is the poison which the package warns of.

I know of no brand on the market, at least in this country, which is not coated with this poison. Sorry.

Q: I do the morning glory seeds. If I do it when she has her period, could any harm come to me by swallowing the blood?

A: No harm in it. It's all a matter of taste.



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levine cont. from p. 9

actually, has DEEPER MEANING. He does this by having the leading lady continually say, "Pills and sex, sex and pills. Where's it all leading to? What does it all mean? To underscore his philosophical intent, he splices in negative shots of the woman running down a road (very existential, hah?) and walking in a cemetery with a flower in her hand.

Unfortunately, there is practically no nudity in the whole film. She seems to spend most of her time seducing men who have absolutely no interest in her, like a fat cousin and a shy janitor. But the highlight of the whole movie is in a pre-seduction eating scene where she spends fifteen minutes eating a banana. Very subtle. The only thing missing was a neon sign flashing "PHALLIC SYMBOL! PHALLIC SYMBOL!"

The film ended on an appropriately somber note. The girl is shown staring pensively out the window, dressed in a flimsy negligee. The audience stirs. Maybe this time they'll give us some dirt. Meanwhile, a gong is crashing dramatically on the soundtrack. BONG! BONG! BONG! The sinner is nearing her end. Sitting down on the couch, she takes out a pistol. Oh wow, she is going to use the pistol to perform a disgusting, perverted act. It is going to be so disgusting and revolting that most of the audience is leaning forward with their tongues hanging out.

She fondles the pistol. No more Bonnie-and-Clyde Freudian symbolism or National Rifle Association hang-ups. She is going to...DO IT WITH A GUN! Taking the gun, she lifts it slowly, languidly towards her...head. The Rex crowd whisks pers angrily, "What the fuck...?" They have been gyped again. The director has opted for philosophy.

"I discovered what it was that I feared all along. The girl took an axe and stood track. 'It was...myself.' Then she shoots herself. THE END

There is a very deep lesson in all this. The lesson is that people who fuck a lot and take dope are really very miserable and end up committing suicide. It is a very comforting lesson, especially to lonely middle-aged men sitting in the Rex theater on a weekday evening watching dirty movies.

MERRIWEATHER POST

LIBERATED maybe



by Michael Carliner

The Merriweather Post Pavilion didn't seem very interested in us before. When we approached them about advertising, they told us that they had a limited budget and couldn't afford any ads (?). We heard through informal sources that the real reason they didn't place ads in HARRY was they were afraid this would attract "undesirables" to their concerts. When we called them last Friday for press tickets to see The Who, they told us that they didn't have any left.

Monday morning we got a call from Jeanne Shea, publicity director for the Pavilion. It seems that there had been some difficulties at the Procol Harum concert Sunday night. A large group of people had broken through the gates, seven people were arrested, and one girl was injured in the stampede. We were invited to a press conference that afternoon to discuss the situation, and we would get tickets to the show, Miss Shea said.

Jack Heyman and I went down to Columbia via the scenic route (i.e., we got lost. We'd never had the bread to go to the Pavilion before, so we didn't know the way.) We arrived about half an hour late. There were representatives present from *Quicksilver Times*, *Third Ear*, *Woodwind*, a couple of D.C. radio stations Antioch College, and the Howard County police department. Ben Siegel, producer for the Pavilion, was lamenting the high fees groups were charging for performing, and blamed that for the high ticket prices. This is generally true, although he was hardly the first promoter to complain.

Big name rock groups generally are paid a "guarantee" (usually \$10,000+) or a percentage of the gross (usually about 60%) whichever is higher. Often agents for groups demand that there be a stated potential gross - which means high ticket prices. Siegel showed us correspondence in which he asked agents to lower the required potential gross (but not the guarantees) of contracted groups. By doing this, he explained, the highest priced seats could be sold for \$5 instead of \$7. He said that he hoped to bring prices down to a \$1 - \$3 range.

The immediate problem we had been called there for, however, was the possibility of "trouble" at The Who concert that night. There were reports - out of Washington, mainly - of a full-scale assault on the Pavilion. Three phone calls had come in threatening to burn the place down. Siegel tried to suggest that the concert might be cancelled (unlikely) or that there would be no future rock shows (more likely). We were being asked to help keep the peace. Despite the fact that this was sort of like asking the editor

of the Afro-American to stop a black ghetto riot, we went along - partially out of concern for safety, and partially out of hope that the Pavilion would become more responsive to the underground community. We suggested, and they agreed, that after the concert started the gates would be opened and everyone would be let in free. Also, the management and the police would ask that charges be dropped against those arrested the previous night.

We asked whether the Pavilion had ever been made available for benefits. Siegel said no, not for rock benefits. We also said that there should be free concerts. We expressed our belief that these things - benefits and free concerts - were more important than attempts to get groups to take less money in creating sympathy in the underground community. Siegel said that he didn't have the authority to agree to that, but that he would try to arrange it.

Anyway, Richard Harrington of *Woodwind* volunteered to speak from the stage, and the rest of us agreed to speak to the people outside the fences.

Sal Torey of the *Quicksilver Times* and I drafted a leaflet, later endorsed by *Third Ear* and *Woodwind*, outlining the moves the management was making to lower prices, announcing that the management and police would ask for amnesty for those arrested at the Procol Harum concert, and saying that the Pavilion would have free concerts and benefits. The leaflet did not say that the gates would be opened, but advised "patience" and urged people to refrain from trashing. Sal called Terry Becker, de facto editor of *Quicksilver*, for approval, and he was advised against signing the statement outright, but told instead to say that the four publications had been "conferred with." The people at *Quicksilver* are not generally into telling people to refrain from trashing.

When we gave the statement to Norman Israel, manager of the Pavilion, to be mimeographed, he called Siegel for approval. Siegel objected to the statement about free concerts and benefits. We told Israel that we couldn't issue the statement unless free concerts and benefits were mentioned. We agreed to change the statement to say that free concerts and benefits would be presented "when-ever possible."

I declined the use of a walky talky and bullhorn - I wasn't *that* into it. But we gave out our leaflets and, when someone looked like a particularly likely trasher, we told him to relax and smoke some dope and we hinted that he'd get in free later, and when people started rushing through the gates and under the fence, we succeeded in getting them to slow

down and not trample anyone. We were operating pretty much alone outside the fence, and we recruited help as we went around.

The line waiting to buy tickets was a quarter of a mile long. This didn't help the situation any. The failure of the management to have greater ticket selling and collecting capacity was one example of inefficiency on their part that invited trouble. Their own "security force" were nice enough people, but they were untrained and incompetent. The design of the gates and fences was pretty amateurish too. The handling of big crowds is a special science in which the Pavilion people were less than proficient. We have a natural tendency to shy away from the sort of regimentation implied in "planning" for big crowds, but as Gracie Suck pointed out in the interview we ran in HARRY no. 11, "When you have a lot of people you've got to know how to take care of them... You can't just say, 'Come on in, it's cool.' It isn't cool. It's stupid."

Eleven thousand people paid to get in Monday night, and around 8:40, several thousand more came in free. Richard Harrington told the multitude about the afternoon meeting, etc., and cheers of increasing magnitude erupted with the announcements of plans for lower prices, free concerts and benefits, and amnesty for those arrested at the Procol Harum concert.

Then there was The Who. I like their music, and they did a creditable job Monday night, but The Who are pigs. They got their big fame and fortune through the use of hype and gimmickry that puts the Monkees to shame. Their Piggishness was illustrated at Woodstock, when they demanded payment in cash before going on stage - where guitarist Peter Townshend assaulted Abbie Hoffman when he wasreaking out on acid. Their piggishness came out again Monday night when they saw that people were getting in free. They demanded additional

money to compensate for their lost percentage. They were to be paid over twenty thousand dollars for an hour and a half performance, but this wasn't enough for these over-hyped clowns that sing about "My Generation." It was obvious that if they didn't go on there would be a riot. They finally agreed to play when their attempt at extortion failed.

The evening ended with a massive traffic jam, no busts, no injuries or confrontations. The police and management told the establishment newspapers that we had helped to "prevent worse disorders." Needless to say, we are thrilled!!

Obviously, the solution used Monday night can only work once. Promises to underground papers don't mean much, but if the management doesn't become responsive to the people, they have no chance of winning the kind of sympathy and respect necessary for successful operation in the future.

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by P. J. O'Rourke



THE LOCAL FANTASY

For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth, Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech, To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;

— Marcus Antonius
in Shakespeare's
"Julius Caesar"

Autonomous local control assumes a community (feeling) and a locality (space) to build upon. It's doubtful if anything like this exists in white Baltimore—among people with the revolutionry consciousness. But as the freak population grows in such areas as the Hopkins student ghetto, Bolton Hill, Read Street, Charles, St. Paul and Calvert downtown and Fellis Point the groundwork is being laid for communal-anarchist autonomies. It'll be a while, but to win the present we have to fight with the future.

FOUNDING YOUR FANTASY

It is a man's social being that determines his thinking.

— Mao Tse-Tung

Know thy neighborhood! Napoleon knew nearly every soldier in his regulars by name. Impossible? No. Hard? Yes. Know their names, their situations, their problems and hang-ups. Cultivate the interest and retentive powers of a gossipy old lady.

The first step towards radical organization of the neighborhood is to become a known and visible entity on the streets. This is the street gang postulated in the last article. It's easy to become known and visible—just being a gang and being on the streets does that. But you have to build a rep too. You have to do stuff (and take credit for stuff) that makes it clear you're bold motherfuckers, no one to mess with. And at the same time, no one in your constituency should be hurt or scared. The angle is to be schizophrenic—half Boy Scout and half Hell's Angel...the outlaw with the heart of gold.

THE GENTLE TEAT OF THE ANGRY WOLF FANTASY

the kids in kensington drop acid and gang-fight

— Paul Buonaguro

The Panthers' breakfast program is a good example. But such a structured activity is beyond the semi-anarchistic gang thesis. First off be an indigenous gang. Be helpful in a gangy and spontaneous way, laying bread on the broke, fixing things that need to be fixed, moving things to be moved, helping out with drug problems and the good/bad things I proposed last time. Use your imagination and your moods to make yourself useful. Serve the people.

JANUS FANTASY

The big and strong belong underneath.
The gentle and weak belong at the top.

— Laotse

The eventual idea is two complete organic structures. One is a neighborhood association, completely legal and out front and completely separate from the political gang. How this happens to come about is only obliquely the gang's business. The gang builds up a sense of community and promotes the formation of such an organ but the organ itself must be started, led and controlled by the lumpen neighbors not the vanguard gang. The gang does the dirty work without being asked. The gang does what the people need but which the neighborhood is scared or scrupulous to do.

POLICED DREAMS

Deputy say to the Sheriff, My badge is up on the shelf. If you want that bad man, Stagger Lee, You better go get him yourself.

— Ballad of Stagger Lee

Jets & Sharks Drop Acid,

Read Marcuse, Conquer The World

We are the vanguard of fantasy
Where we live is liberated territory

— Up Against The Wall
Motherfuckers

The police are a thorny problem for any neighborhood that wants to function as a communal autonomy. The police are almost always invaders from some other culture and area. They don't belong in the neighborhood any more than do absentee property owners or the mafia. It isn't really their fault and, unless one of them is particularly obnoxious, they shouldn't be blamed personally. They, like all of us to one extent or another, are victims of believing what they've been taught. They think that by enforcing laws, they're protecting people. They don't understand that enforcing most laws means protecting property. Even when the police understand that it's difficult to explain to them what's wrong with protecting property at the expense of human life. They believe what they were taught, that freedom means unleashed greed and individualistic irresponsibility. Police exist in the Silent Majority world of what's normal. Hence they have a sad tendency not to bust the normalcy of slumlords, mafia heavies, Vice-Presidents and other vermin, while arresting at random such oddities as militiamen, blacks, hippies and leftists. Hence, also, any group of these xenophobes seems to have a crowd psychology a little to the right of a Mississippi lynch mob. In building a communal autonomy the police have got to behave themselves in the context of neighborhood values and mores or, preferably, get out.

TWO-BIT APOCALYPSE NIGHTMARE

Gentler times for Love are
ment:
Who for parting pleasure
strain
Gather Roses in the rain,
Wet themselves and spoil
their Scent.

— Andrew Marvell

Getting the police out is going to be no fun. Open war with the police department ought to be avoided. Remember Fred Hampton. The police won't want to stay where they aren't wanted, but they're liable to be forced to. The best solution is a tacit understanding among all parties concerned. If the neighborhood is together and represented by a threatening (but cool) force—then there's some hope for this.

The area should never be without protection (which cops aren't anyway). The neighborhood assembly should set up a patrol or vigilante force, a people's militia. In the mean-time the gang can provide street security.

If things break down, as they seem apt to do in America, then you'll have to use focused and careful force to demonstrate your point. Make them afraid to leave a squad car unattended. Do this by politely but firmly fire-bombing their car every time they do. They'll soon have to send two or three cars every time they make a call in your district. This will cut down the number of calls they'll be willing to make. Other attacks on police equipment, such as slashed tires and carefully aimed sniper fire, serve the same purpose. Make these attacks strictly hit and run. Avoid siege or vengeance mentalities. Forcing yourself completely underground is of marginal worth at the moment, note recent Panther behavior. You're not (usually) fighting evil men; you're fighting an evil system, an evil politic.

URBAN REMOVAL: A FANTASTIC EX-AMPLE

Dear Landlord, please,
Don't put a price on my soul
— Bob Dylan

Expressways are inevitably built through the poorest sections of a city—through your neighborhoods where property and human discomfort are cheapest. They displace thousands of people too poor to relocate easily. They destroy the spacious rundown architecture conducive to freak style. They destroy natural neighborhoods and pollute the air. All this, for the exploitative property owners. Pretty much the same can be said for urban renewal, which rips off "slums" to build housing the slum people can't afford or, worse, "projects" which destroy all sense of community and cultural personality. Protect your slum.

FIVE-POINT PROGRAM FOR STOPPING EXPRESSWAYS AND URBAN RENEWAL, ETC.

1. Picketing, protesting, petitioning and the usual ineffectual bullshit
2. Non-violent heavy action (sitting-in, laying in front of bulldozers, etc.)
3. Fire bomb and dynamite construction equipment and supplies
4. Threaten the well-being of the contractors and zoning commissioners
5. Carry out those threats

The out front face of the neighborhood operates steps one and two. The gang picks up actions three through five. This general concept is then applicable to other problems.

(to be continued)



ONE BLACK MAN SAYS:

by Phillip Bass

The understanding of freaks by blacks is very unusual because the only thing a lot of blacks see of freaks is what they see on the streets and what is seen or heard on the news media.

Since television describes freaks as dirty, hippie, commie, doped-up, fags, a lot of blacks see freaks this way.

Many blacks feel that freaks are just trying to rebel against their parents' way. When blacks see black freaks they wonder what the hell they are trying to do. Some blacks see them as "the negro who wants to be beside Mr. Charlie's kid or either just trying to fuck with white folk in bed.

Others feel that they are blacks who are trying to erase their identity of being black.

One great problem of blacks understanding freaks is trying to identify with freaks. At this moment blacks are trying to identify themselves and then someone attempts to divert their attention to another form of person.

Another problem is that blacks can't understand why someone living in an upper class neighborhood would want to walk around as a freak.

Many blacks think that freaks are dope fiends, and are hooked on pot and acid. What can you expect when a person sees Rod Serling saying great things on T.V. like "Your whole future may go up in smoke"?

The big problem is of blacks trying to understand freaks. If blacks will attempt to see blacks as they really are, and freaks see blacks as they really are, freaks will become as beautiful as black.

A lot of blacks are beginning to turn freak because of psychedelic music. For example: if you would go into any black home where a young black person lives you would find at least a few underground sounds (Sly, Iron butterfly, Rare Earth, etc.) Even the Temptations are going underground somewhat (and they are the number 1 soul group in the United States of Amerika). More and more blacks are digging underground.

In a way there is a sort of kinship in

repression. Freaks catch a lot of shit because they're freaks, and you know blacks have been catching shit for almost damn 400 years.

In a way there is a sort of kinship in repression. Freaks catch a lot of shit because they're freaks, and you know blacks have been catching shit for almost damn 400 years.

There is one thing blacks do not like about some J.A.M. freaks (J.A.M. means jive ass motherfucker) if you are you know, whoever you are. I am talking about the freak who goes home on Sundays to be a so-called normal person, and then returns on Friday to be a freak.

A J.A.M. is also a freak who says "right on; off the pig, peace, free the 7, 9, 21 . . ." and doesn't do shit when everything starts.

Many blacks are being returned to grass (the reason I say returned is that during prohibition blacks smoked grass) by freaks. Last year in my neighborhood (Edmondson Village), hardly anyone smoked Mary Jane. Now it grows abundantly in wooded areas, back yards, basements, etc.

If blacks and freaks begin to understand each other, together we can screw the fascists.

"PLACES YOU'D BE LIKELY TO EAT"

The Funk Gourmet

Fatty Arbuckle's

Mon.....	Closed
Tues.....	Noon to 2 pm, 6 pm to Midnight
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Sat.....	Noon to 3 am
Sun.....	Noon to Midnight

Since its opening at the beginning of the year, Fatty's has been the favored dining spot for the city's heaviest freaks. Richard Wanzer, owner and operator, regularly appears in American flag pants and a peppermint stripe Canada Dry delivery man's shirt. He serves a variety of sandwiches and non-sense depending on his mood. The helpings are large.

Fatty's is limited in kitchen space but still manages a large menu with variations to order. Richard cooks his own roast beef and buys high quality foods. The chicken loaf is lean, the lettuce crisp and the bread fresh. However, Richard and I have a long-standing argument about his potato chips. I've also heard complaints about the tunafish but, not liking any tunafish, I feel myself in no position to judge. The bagels are often complimented and the macrobiotic brown rice is the best in Baltimore, better, in fact, than Paradox's in New York.

There are no carbonated beverages. "That shit is bad for your body," says Susan Huey, waitress. "Also, we like to piss people off who come in and ask for a Coke." Fatty's is one of the few restaurants in Baltimore that serves Yoo-hoo. A Fatty's continuing special is Purple Mountain's Majesty Above The Fruited Plain, an ice cream masterpiece designed

Patterson Park

Word From The Eastern Front

by Michael Carliner

Patterson Park lies between Baltimore Street and Eastern Avenue in southeast Baltimore. The area to the north of the park is called Highlandtown, and to the south, Canton. Most people in the area are pretty old. They come from German, Polish, and Italian stock. They are working class, white. Agnew's people. Or Wallace's.

It was in Patterson Park that the National States Rights Party used to hold rallies and, on occasion, the local people would go out and attack blacks.

But in the last couple of years the kids in the area have taken to growing their hair, giving up beer for more enlightening stimulants, giving up hate for love, and death for life, and reactionary racism for a moderate radicalism. And the



older people there, well, they just don't understand.

The *News American*, that noted repository of erudition and TRUTH, is the most popular publication in the area, leading both HARRY and the other major Baltimore paper. Naturally, the local people griped to their source of wisdom. So last week the *News American* ran a story about the PROBLEM. It said, "With a milling, undisciplined, often noisy crowd of dozens of long-haired, bell-bottomed, love-beaded youth virtually occupying an area of the park at the corner of Eastern and Ellwood Aves. at all hours of the day and night, residents have become at least apprehensive and often downright scared at the dominating presence of the youths." (After all, they'd read about Charlie Manson.) The story

continued on p. 16

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'WE WANT EDUCATION IN THE WHOLE S

Back in February we ran a front page headline which said, "Dr. Sheldon, I'm Calling You Out!" The speaker was Anita Stroud of Eastern High School. At that time, she was just another interested student. In the months to follow she was busted again, and she joined the Black Panther Party. She is now organizing high school students for the fall offensive.

The following interview as done at Panther headquarters. Donald Patterson is an assistant to Dr. Thomas Sheldon.

ANITA: On March 20th, Patterson had been telling my mother over and over again that he would call her and notify her when I could come back to school. She kept on calling him and asking him when I could come back and he kept on saying, 'in a little while, in a little while, I'll let you know when.' I had gone up to school that Monday with a note from my mother telling him that she wanted him to determine my status as a student. He told her next week. So I went back up to school on March 20th with a note from my mother again and when I went in the building, I heard these sisters talking that there was going to be a meeting in the cafeteria before school started. I figured I better go and check it out before I went to the office because I knew Patterson wouldn't let me go. So I went downstairs and the sisters were trying to get organized. They were having this meeting and I thought I better help them because they were unorganized. There were so many teachers around because they could see all the sisters coming down there and you don't go down to the cafeteria in the morning before school. So we decided to begin it the first period. A teacher saw me and called the office and told them I was in the building. They were running down the halls trying to catch up with me. So the sisters walked real slow and real crowded together and I was just gone and they were all caught up in back of all the students. So I went up on the third floor and stayed in the bathroom. They took all the teachers out of the classes and had them out in the hall so they could see me and if they saw me to let them know in the office so they could come and get me.

HARRY: Was Bawden behind that or Patterson?

ANITA: Patterson was running the school. Bawden, Ercole, and Miss Owens they were like puppets. He ran the school behind them and the students knew he was running the school. That was one of the reasons they resented him so much.

So I came out and went back downstairs to the basement at the beginning of the first period. We got a lot of sisters into the cafeteria. The sisters were rapping and here comes Patterson. He tells me that I have to leave. He asked me what I am doing here. I tell him I brought a letter from my mother for him to determine my status as a student. He says why didn't you come to the office? I said I didn't come to the office because I heard they were having this thing down here and if I came and asked you if I could go you'd tell me no. So I decided to go first and then come to see you. So I showed him the letter and he read it then he told me to go home. I left the building and went around back to get in again. The door to the back was locked so I came back around front and went down the steps—nobody saw me. I went back into the cafeteria. When I went back Patterson was there talking to the sisters trying to reason with them. When he left...the objective was to call an assembly for the whole school to come and discuss the problems and what was going on in the school and demand that the administration stop harrassing Black Voice.

Patterson didn't want this. He didn't want the sisters to have this assembly because it would be a student victory. They stayed in the cafeteria and I stayed there with them. Patterson came in and told me to leave and I told him no. The sisters said they didn't want me to leave and that they wanted me to talk at the assembly. I said I had to leave, and they said I didn't have to leave. He asked me was I going to leave and I said no. He said I didn't go to school anymore. I told him that I was a student at that school and that as a student I had the right to come there whenever I wanted to come and I couldn't be trespassing on my own property. I pay my dues and all that other jive shit to go to that school. He said OK and he left. A lot of sisters were trying to get into the cafeteria, but they had both entrances blocked and they were telling the sisters to go back, go back. We told him we weren't going to leave the cafeteria unless we got the auditorium. We asked him if we could use the PA system so we could get the sisters to come to the assembly, he said no. Since it was

getting ready to change periods we decided we would go through the halls to tell the sisters and then everyone could spread the word around. We got to the auditorium.

They had formed this chain across the doors of the auditorium saying that you couldn't come in that if you came in you would be suspended from school. I got up on this table and told the sisters to either go to the auditorium or go to class. This was our school and this was our right as students that if we had a lot of dissension going down in our school we could call an assembly to discuss the problems in our school. They did not have the right to stop us from doing this. He had given us the right to use the auditorium and that we could walk through the halls telling other sisters about the meeting and he went back on his word.

We went into the auditorium. There were quite a lot of sisters in there. Patterson, when I was half way down the aisle, called me. So I turned and started to go up the aisle. We had this thing where certain sisters do not walk in the hall by themselves. They'd walk with one or two sisters or they don't walk at all. They had been walking around guarding me all day long. So I was getting ready to go up by myself but I said no. So Karen and Nicie and I came up and they walked up with me. When I got half way up there I changed my mind, I said I don't even want to hear nothing you got to say. So I turned around and started walking back down. And then two pigs came from out the side—they were hiding. He was going to get me up there by myself and snatch me out and shut the door and lock the door till they got me out of the building and the sisters would never have known what had happened.

So they came running down the aisle and they grabbed me and dragged me up the aisle. And I was screaming telling them to get off me. So they ask me was I going to leave the school premises and I said no I didn't have to leave. So they said I was under arrest for trespassing. So I told them to get off of me. So we start struggling. They pulled me out in the hall.

The sisters who were down in the front of the auditorium turned around and they just started running up the aisle and they jumped on the pigs. And the janitors were helping the pigs and the sisters were jumping on the janitors and there was just mass confusion.

The pigs started spraying mace and kicking people and shit like that. I was trying to get away from one and he grabbed me around my neck with his arm all the way up to my throat and choking me and choking me. He held the mace right beside me and sprayed me in my face. Patterson had disappeared off the scene because they were gonna kick his ass. Everybody was running around the halls screaming, 'Where's Patterson, where's Patterson,' because they were going to kick his ass.

So they took me outside and it was raining and they wouldn't let me have my coat and they give me my pocketbook and they were holding me out in the rain. They were dragging me all in the mud across the grass to the car. And the sisters were running down to the car and one sister was trying to get in and they almost smashed her fingers because they slammed the door and almost smashed her fingers in the door. And he didn't care.

They were on the car and trying to stop them. They drove off with me and Karen. They took us across to the stadium lot. Didn't take us in no paddy wagon—took us in a car, we stayed over there about half an hour. Here comes the paddy wagon rolling up. They wouldn't roll the windows down and the mace was burning our eyes. Then they put us in the paddy wagon and they took us down to Pine St. I asked them what we were charged with and they said trespassing and resisting arrest and all that kind of stuff.

That day the sisters just turned the school out. They destroyed the cafeteria. The teachers got scared, locked their classroom doors with the students inside. The students broke the windows and reached in and opened the doors and all the sisters got out of school. They fucked up the cafeteria and they just got their coats and walked. So naturally I had to take the blame for that too.

HARRY: Have you had your trial yet?

ANITA: No, I had the arraignment, but I haven't had the trial. I was on the pre-trial release program. This was the second time I had been on the program and you're supposed to call in every Tuesday. Well, I had a

whole lot of different things to do and sometimes you can forget something.

So I went out in the country—I forgot to call one time. They said I had to come in every Tuesday and then I asked them could I start calling in again and they said yeah, so one Tuesday I forgot to call because I was in the country working with mentally retarded kids and I forgot to call. The day of the Flower Mart which was on a Wednesday, I went down to the pre-trial release program to explain to them why I did not call in. They said that I had to go over to the court house and meet my lawyer there.

I had two sisters with me. I started to skip and that's what I should have done. I should have split. I asked them why I had to go over there because I never had to go over there before. So they just kept saying that I had to go over there and meet my lawyer. We go over there and Motsay (Richard Motsay, the head of the pre-trial release program) that motherfucker had told me to sit down and wait for him. He went in the office. He told me to come over to the courthouse. He said my lawyer was over there. I asked him why and he said he didn't know.

We sent over there. We got in there into the deputy sheriff's office and they took the paper and they looked at the paper and they went in this room and talked and then they came out and I asked them where was Murphy (William Murphy, her lawyer) and they said he was on his way over. I asked them where Motsay was and they said he was doing something at that moment.

By that time I was getting ready to split because by this time I knew. I should have known at first. I shouldn't even have come over there. I felt just like Bobby Seale felt when they were railroading him. I knew it. I could feel it.

They said, would you step back there. He was halfway behind me. I kept asking them what did they want. Either tell me what you want or leave me alone. Get in touch with me when you get yourself together. They said, will you step back there and I saw that jail back there, and I said, "Step back there to the jail?" So he said, "Yeah, you're under arrest."

And I said under arrest for what? So he started running down all the charges to me. See, if you don't call in on the pre-trial release program, they can take you off it. They can lock you up till you can get bail. But I went down there to tell them why I hadn't called the day before.

So they locked me up. I had a bag with my shoes in it, two Panther papers in it and some literature. I asked them could I have my shoes. They said I couldn't have nothing out of the bag and took the Panther papers out of it. So I said could I have those papers back. He called all these other sheriff's deputies over there and showed them the paper and he held the paper up and then he started spreading the word that I was a Panther, trying to be all slick.

They were supposed to take me at 3:00 to the City Jail. They took me before 3:00. They were supposed to take me till Murphy could come because Murphy could have settled it right there. Handcuffed me! Passed the word around that this was a Panther coming in to jail. They finally gave me my shoes. They put me over there with these two (pause) people. These two sisters, girls, whatever. They didn't give me no blanket, no pillow. They didn't give me no mattress. Murphy didn't even know where I was at! He couldn't find me.

And they found me the next morning and they paid my bail.

Motsay had this thing from the first time all eight of us were on pre-trial release. He didn't really want us on there. He didn't like the activities we were into and he and he made it very very clear that he wasn't going to give us another chance and that he thought we were really hopeless. How you approach me is how I will react to you and you don't get away with nothing with me. So he made his position clear and I made it clear how I felt about him and everything else. He was waiting for his very first opportunity so he could come down on me. He got his little opportunity and he took advantage of it. So now I'm out on bail and I'm not on the pre-trial release anymore. I'm really very glad and I don't give a damn because I was tired of calling them every Tuesday and when I didn't call I had to go down there and listen to somebody sermonize me.

HARRY: What kind of influence did the teachers have on Black Voice?

ANITA: The majority of the teachers were against it. They resented it very much because Eastern is so old that the majority of the teachers who teach there gra-

OUR LADY OF PEYSONG
MERCY HOSPITAL

I'M SORRY MISS DENNING, BUT YOU HAVE CLEARLY FAILED TO CONVINCE THIS BOARD THAT THE PROPER CONTINUANCE OF YOUR PREGNANCY WOULD IN ANY WAY IMPAIR YOUR PHYSICAL OR MENTAL HEALTH... IN FACT, IT IS OUR FERVENT HOPE THAT THE MINOR HARSHOLD OF A FOURTH ILLEGITIMATE CHILD WILL GIVE YOU CAUSE TO BEHAVE IN A MORE RESPONSIBLE MANNER IN THE FUTURE....

TERAPEUTIC ABORTION COMMITTEE

BIRTH

CONTROL

by Marilyn Werbe

This article is the third in a series on Birth Control, compiled and presented with the aid of the Women's News Co-op.

Because of the media's big push for the "pill" over the last few years, little information has been readily available on other birth control methods. There are, in fact, many of us who are not even aware of the number of different medically approved methods which are both safe and inexpensive. There is presently no one method of birth control that is perfect for everyone. Since this choice must be made on an individual basis, correct and current information is necessary to aid in that decision.

Intrauterine Devices (IUDs)

IUDs are small plastic or stainless steel devices in a variety of shapes and sizes which, when placed inside the womb (uterus), can serve as an effective method of birth control.

The devices themselves are not expensive and do not have to be frequently renewed since they are left in place once inserted. The cost to the patient will vary according to the charge by the doctor for the examination, insertion and check-up visits. Since there are no jellies or pills involved, there are no further expenses.

How do they work? Their actual mode of action has not yet been determined, but scientists believe that the presence of the device in the womb may speed the time taken by the egg to pass from the ovary into the womb that pregnancy cannot occur. Once the device has been placed inside the womb, it is left there and provides protection against unwanted pregnancy without requiring any further action by the man or woman.

When the IUD is inserted by a doctor the discomfort is no greater than the moderate cramping frequently associated with a menstrual period.

The device is effective as soon as it has been properly inserted by a doctor. There is no need to use any other method of birth control. If there is spotting or cramping, your doctor may suggest waiting a few days before having sex relations.

Studies have shown that the device may be safely left in place indefinitely without removal. It is essential, however, that you visit your doctor each year for a thorough examination.

IUDs have been receiving extensive clinical testing in the US and other countries over the past six years. More than 17,000 women have been using them in carefully supervised studies. The results indicate the safety of this method of birth control.

Continuing scientific studies have shown absolutely no connection between the de-

velopment of cancer and the presence of an IUD. Any new medical development requires considerable time before it is accepted by all doctors. As time passes and further experience and scientific evaluations of this method are reported, more and more doctors are prescribing IUDs for their own patients.

The Food and Drug Administration is kept informed of the progress of scientific tests with these devices. The FDA retains control of labeling and branding by the manufacturers of these and other devices, but so far has no authority regarding their clinical use. Therefore, they have neither approved nor disapproved of their use.

While not 100% effective, IUDs are among the most effective means of birth control available. Some women have cramping for a short time following insertion. This is usually mild and does not last long. The womb occasionally pushes out the device. If this happens, call your doctor at once.

Menstrual regularity is not affected. Following insertion the first few periods may be heavier or a little bleeding between periods may occur. This usually does not last long. Tampons may be used.

When pregnancy is desired, the device is simply removed by your doctor. The use of the IUD in no way affects future children or your ability to have them.

Vaginal Foams, Creams and Jellies

Special contraceptive creams, jellies and vaginal foams can be bought without a doctor's prescription at drugstores. They are simple to use and no doctor's examination is needed. Special applicators which measure the right amount come in the box when you buy them. To be effective these must be used each and every time before sex relations. Next to the condom, the contraceptive foams, creams and jellies are the most effective birth control methods you can buy without a doctor's prescription. Because the foam is less noticeable, many women prefer it to jellies and creams.

Chemicals in these foams, creams and jellies quickly kill the sperm. The jelly or cream is squeezed out of the tube into the special applicator. In the case of the vaginal foam, the bottle is first shaken well, then the applicator is placed over the valve at the top of the bottle and filled with the foam. Not more than one hour before sex relations, the applicator should be placed gently but deeply into the birth canal. Pressing the plunger sends the foam where it provides protection. Each time sex relations are repeated, another applicator must be used. Douching is not recommended. If douching is desired, a six hour wait after the last sex act is a must.

Vaginal foaming tablets and supposi-

tories have not proven reliable enough to be generally recommended.

Products such as vaginal douches or other aids for "feminine hygiene" (sprays, etc.) do not prevent pregnancy and are not to be relied upon as birth control devices. Advertising which alludes to the birth control powers of such products is false and misleading.

The Condom

The condom (or rubber) is made to be placed over the penis just before sex relations. It keeps the semen with its sperm from getting into the birth canal. Condoms are safe, reliable and can be bought without a doctor's prescription at any drugstore. Condoms are highly effective and widely used.

There is a slight possibility that the condom may break during use, or slip off after the man releases his semen. As a result, the man's fluid may spill into the birth canal. Slipping off can be avoided if the man holds onto the condom as it is taken out of the birth canal. Breakage usually occurs because the condom is dry, and can be avoided by using vaseline or any kind of cream.

The government Food and Drug Administration checks on condoms and destroys those found defective or inferior in quality. That is why most condoms are of high quality and breakage is rare. For greater protection, the woman may use a contraceptive jelly, cream or foam at the same time the man uses a condom.

The Rhythm Method

It is advisable to consult a doctor familiar with the difficulties of this method if rhythm must be used. This method is based on the fact that a woman can become pregnant only during that part of her menstrual cycle when the egg is released from the ovary—around ovulation time. It is hard and time-consuming to determine the ovulation time each month for a particular woman. Only a very few women are regular every month. A menstrual record must be kept for 8 to 12 months. An exact record of her body temperature, taken each morning before rising, is also usually needed. A series of these carefully kept monthly charts shows a slight rise in temperature after ovulation and helps forecast when a woman will release an egg (ovulate). Also, because the time of ovulation is hard to learn in the menstrual cycle, several days must be added before and after and counted as part of the unsafe period when you cannot be sure you can have sex relations without becoming pregnant. The fertile or unsafe period may last from 7-21 days. If a woman's period is irregular, her safe and unsafe days will also be irregular.

For many women, the rhythm method

may not be reliable, because they have trouble calculating the time of ovulation. A doctor can help you calculate your safe and unsafe period more effectively. Some women combine the safe period with other family planning methods. They use contraceptives only during their fertile days.

Withdrawal (Coitus Interruptus)

Coitus interruptus refers to the withdrawal of the penis before the man reaches orgasm so that sperm are not deposited in or near the birth canal. No drug or chemical is needed for withdrawal. This method is not completely reliable. Failures may occur because of poor control, carelessness, or because sperm are sometimes released before the man's climax. Also, worry that withdrawal will not take place in time may lessen the enjoyment of sex relations.

Sterilization

Sterilization involves an operation on either the man or woman. Once done, it makes the man or woman unable to have children. Sterilization of the man (vasectomy) is relatively simple and may be done in minutes in the doctor's office. Complete recovery from the operation takes only a few days and the man experiences no change in his virility, his sex desire or in his sexual performance. Sterilization of the man involves tying off the tubes thru which the sperm travels.

Sterilization for the woman involves an operation in a hospital. It is often performed just after childbirth. For this reason, if the operation is to take place, it should be planned several months before the baby is born. Sterilization does not involve the removal of any sex gland and it does not change the woman's sexual desire or femininity in any way. Sterilization of the woman involves tying off the tubes thru which the egg travels.

To be effective, all birth control methods must be used regularly and according to directions. Because they remove the fear of unwanted pregnancy, modern birth control methods should not interfere with sexual enjoyment, but should serve instead to make the relationship a happier one.

The responsibility for child-rearing has historically been placed upon women. In this period when women are seriously questioning their lack of control over the roles they have been forced to play in society, it is important that we understand and accept the responsibility for birth control. The ability to prevent unwanted pregnancy gives women the power to decide for themselves when and if they wish to take on a role as mother.

Remember, it takes two people to make a baby, but only one informed, decisive person to prevent it.

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ROBB

STATE TO COME TO A STANDSTILL!

duated from Eastern. They went to college came back to Eastern and never got married. So they resent students telling them that they are wrong? that they intend to change it, that they will not take it any longer. They resent all this. They resent black students being in the school in the first place. They resent the few teachers who sympathize with the organization. The teachers who sympathize with Black Voice and things in general—they got hell at that school. They really got hell at that school. Classic example is Eric and Beverly Taylor.

HARRY: Was she the advisor to Black Voice?

were using a teachers' room. This teacher was letting us use her room and she stayed in there with us because she was right on for everything that was going. But officially we didn't have a club. It was more or less underground. We just considered ourselves a group of interested students who talked about the problems in the school. Every time we went to see the principal, the vice-principal, or the faculty council, they tried to make us admit that we were the Black Voice and we just kept on telling them that we were interested students who wanted to change the situation. They asked, who's your advisor. They just acted like they really thought we were dumb.

HARRY: The whole thing came out of your student group and the teachers were just supportive.

ANITA: Yeah. They didn't have anything to do with it. The only teacher who had anything to do with it were the racist teachers and they put the whole thing on. They brought the whole February 12th incident on. They brought all the other school incidents on. They brought the whole situation on. The whole situation at Eastern was mainly from these teachers—mainly from Miss Schepler.

HARRY: What do you think of the fires?

ANITA: Well . . .

HARRY: As a tactic.

ANITA: Well, I think fires stem mainly out of student frustration. Like the students couldn't see getting anything accomplished. They couldn't see Sheldon listening to them. They couldn't see D'Alessandro acting like a mayor. The students were angry and frustrated and they struck out the only way they knew how to strike out.

HARRY: Is it good?

ANITA: In a way I think its good. The first few times you try something out it might not end up the way you want it to but as far as guerrilla warfare goes, nobody is born a guerrilla but everybody that you do something—you improve and you improve and I think they have to realize that because of Sheldon and Pomerleau and Moylan and everybody else like them—they are taking the student movement and making it into a revolutionary movement. They have frustrated the students so much and angered the students so much that they have become determined that they are going to get student rights by any means necessary. They will try it from the peaceful level all the way out to the last thing that they can think of and that's Sheldon's fault by being insensitive to the problems of the students and from wanting to keep everything the way it is—the power structure the way it is and for failing to realize that this is 1970 and not 1920 and you can't mold students into a 50 year old past pattern.

HARRY: Do you think this is the right time for urban guerrilla warfare?

ANITA: Oh well, it's kinda hard to see right now. I wouldn't exactly advocate guerrilla warfare like I take the stand that if every school in this city was shut down, if every school in this county was shut down—it would be a motherfucker. If the students said we are determined and that we are going to stay out of school until you give us what we want, it would fuck everything up. The teachers wouldn't be getting paid eventually—there wouldn't be anybody to teach. The cafeteria help wouldn't have to fix any food because there wouldn't be anybody to clean up the building because there wouldn't be anybody to clean up for. And then the cpr?eges, ogt get ompt of; T

ting college rights and support high school students. This whole state as far as education goes could be shut down. Jr. High schools get into it and the people in elementary schools keep their children home. That's what I want to see. I don't want it to be just the high schools. We want education in the whole state to come to a standstill.

One day—you do it so coolly—one day everybody goes to school and the next day there's nobody there. If necessary, the students will set up some sort of educational places of their own because when you get to a certain age the things you learn in high school are irrelevant anyway. That's the main reason we've been fighting—education should be more relevant. You got to the point where you can have a certain amount of reading comprehension and stuff like that you can teach yourself.

Since March, I think I know more now than I ever learned in school. And I know all those 25 letter words that I never learned in school and there's so much stuff that I know now I never learned in school. I can sit down now and hold a conversation with somebody in college, a teacher or anybody.

HARRY: Is the Central Committee into organizing a strike?

ANITA: Right now we're organizing a student party—the Black Student Rights Liberation Party. It's going to be set up sort of on the scale of the Panther Party set up. As far as rank, file, discipline—the whole thing. Self defense. We're looking for a student pad now. We're gonna set it up like an office and people can live in the house upstairs. To relate to the students all over the summer. So by the time September comes the students will be politically conscious so that they'll be ready to make a move. That they will see the necessity to make some kind of move and there will be enough unity that they will make this move.

What ever kind of move they decide, if they decide on urban guerrilla warfare well—I say right on if it can be successfully carried out. If they want to do the way I said before I say right on because I really dig on that. That would bring recognition, that would make people from all over the country look at Maryland. I would hope the idea would catch on and that from the student party having such a great strike we could start branches of this party in other states. Hopefully, my objective would be to have a student strike straight across this country—straight across. The white students could form a party like the BSLP and the two of us come together to form some type of coalition between the white students and the black students and all of us work together for the same objective. The reason I say one party should be for black students and all of us work together for the same objective. The reason I say one party should be for black students is because I have found that in a few meetings we've had—like with YIP and other organizations, some of the black students—even some of the people on the Central Committee are not ready to be able to work with white people. They're just coming out of their hell—they're just coming out of their cultural nationalist bag and they are just not ready. There is so much disension that it is a threat to our unity. So when I started forming this idea for a student party I felt that unity within the party is primary and unity with the masses is secondary. So to keep unity I thought it would be best to keep it the BSLP. I also had to make it clear that in order for this thing to work, it should involve all the students. If the white people want to work with us, they should form a party and if they form a party we will work with them. That they have to understand. They don't have to be in our organization, we don't have to be in theirs, but we will work together. If they don't like that, well I'm sorry, that's the best I can do.

HARRY: Is there a group on the C.C. who are Panthers?

ANITA: The thing about that was there were four people on the C.C. who are Panthers but they are students also and when this thing started—when the committee was formed the party like myself as we went on. They became PITS—Panthers in Training.

HARRY: At the time of the February 12 thing were you a Panther?

ANITA: Hell no. On February 12 I wouldn't even come down here because I read the paper and supported the paper and I supported their beliefs but I was not really ready to commit myself to a truly revolutionary struggle.

HARRY: Were you a cultural nationalist then?

ANITA: I've never been a cultural nationalist. I've always been aware of blackness and pride in being black but I've never been a cultural nationalist. They have this one thing about going to—I'm not going to no damn Africa! I feel like our people built this country and it was built on our sweat and our blood and I'm going to stay right here and take what belongs to me.

I'm not going no place else to a strange land I don't know anything about. That's the land that my ancestors came from and my ancestry goes back there but I don't. I don't even fit there anymore. I'm here. My culture is some of the white man's culture and its combined to make the black man's culture in this country. In another country we'd be out of place.

HARRY: Are you from Baltimore?

ANITA: Yeah.

HARRY: Where?

ANITA: I lived in Lafayette projects for eleven years and then for the last three years we've been living out in Wilson Park near the Alameda.

HARRY: How did you get to where you are from February 12?

ANITA: I mean I ran all the way. I mean wow. I was in school and Phyllis Jackson she formed the Black Voice and she started going around asking sisters she thought were interested in standing up for their thing to join. So I didn't know Phyllis but I know this other sister in my drama class and she talked me into coming down. I really dug on the thing. I had lost interest in school. I went when I felt like going, but when I joined BV it seemed like there was always something going on and I went to school almost every day. The day that we went to see Miss Schepler, I didn't know we were going because I had been absent. I came to school minding my own business that day and didn't know what was going on and got in all that.

And I got mad when those pigs knocked me down and kicked me under the table. I got mad. So one thing just led to another thing. I was determined that day when we were sitting in jail talking and planning—this was going to be a beginning, it wasn't going to be a spark that came out one day and died the next day. We were going to take it through as far as we were able to take it through. So we got the other students to join our cause. They came to the arraignment, we took them over to Morgan and rapped and we got them to support our cause. We started out and it just seemed like it got bigger and bigger and bigger and I was pushed right along with it and from being in this thing when I read the Panther paper again I could really see—like before I knew where they were coming from but it was from a distance. They were talking about me but I really wasn't involved.

Then after that happened—like they say pigs are going to radicalize a lot of people. I read the paper again and I could see everything that those people were saying. It wasn't like they were talking about other people any more, they were talking about me. I could see and I knew then that this was what I wanted to do. That I wasn't going to put it off any more. So I came down and I used to come down here and I used to be so scared. I don't know why, I'd just go in the corner and read all the time. Read, read, read, read, read, and then I'd leave. Then I came out of my shell, they pulled me out of my shell and joined the party.

A sister and two other brothers joined with me. We stuck with the student thing. In a way it was kind of hard because we had so much to do here. It was hard to tick with the student thing. We were used to going to bed at 5 in the morning and getting up at 8 o'clock every day. But the whole thing just kept getting bigger and bigger and bigger. I just got pushed farther and farther along and then I would think of something else we should do and they just kept us going and going and going. Even when it seemed to the public like it was dead it wasn't dead. The school tried to keep everything suppressed within the school. There were things going on in the schools every day. The fires, it was so much stuff going on everyday in all different schools. It never got to the papers and it never got to the public because they didn't want them to know. They wanted them to think the students had been beaten. Well, it wasn't and its not dead now.

Sometimes I sit back and I think about the Black Voice started in this city. Its too much. A lot of students in the city are ready to make a move now. All they're waiting for is for us to say what we want them to do and they'll do it. They're ready to do it. But see they want to do it without thinking and that's wrong. That's bad.

HARRY: What did you think of the report on the Eastern incident?

ANITA: It was a good report. It shocked me really. I think it shocked everybody because nobody expected anything to come out good to be that much in fa-

(Continued on page 2)

THOSE FABULOUS FURRY FREAKING BROTHERS

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Schoolgirls today take the Pill, then get picked up and play for pay

EROTICA! BIKARRE

BY

ART LEVINE

They certainly don't make dirty movies like they used to. I found this out the hard way by going to see *Unusual Requests* and *Cinema Verite* at the Rex Theatre last week.

Of course, I was going there as a journalist, as part of an article I was researching on film censorship in Maryland. I had already interviewed both a film censor and the owner of the theatre. So now I was going to see I drove to the theatre, I constructed elaborate rationalizations to convince myself that my interest in the films was aloof and campy, as befits a suave young reporter. Which is a lot of horseshit.

Actually, I was dying to see the flicks. Like most people, I like to pretend that pornography is ludicrous, fit only for deformed old men with newspapers over their laps. But if I'm shown a well-made skin flick, like Russ Meyer's



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Vixen, I'll react just like any schmuck off the street, complete with sweat and bulging eyeballs. Unfortunately, everybody likes to obscure this reality, from censors to intellectuals to film critics. You'll never see Vincent Canby, film critic of the New York Times, say, "Hey, I just saw a great dirty flick. I had a hard-on for two hours!" No, words like "explicit" and "daring" are used to mask the truth.

But I came to the theatre as two people, reporter and sex fiend. My main role would be determined by how arousing the films were. Yet I kept up a lousy expression that would simply tell everyone I was here for a laugh. I tried to imagine how Tom Wolfe would look going to a dirty flick by himself.

Getting closer to the box office, though, I was seized with that old adolescent dread of the cashier. Invariably, they are fat old ladies who snicker at you fumble for money in your wallet. And then there is the terror of being asked for proof of age. Since I look roughly twelve years old, identifications are scrutinized with an intensity usually reserved for travellers entering East Germany. The cashier always stares at the card for what seems like an hour, as I wait nervously, expecting at any moment old friends and relatives to come driving by. Then, at last, my I.D. is handed back, and I shuffle into the theatre, blushing with shame.

The lady at the Rex, however, was a young black woman who stared at me with a silent haughty contempt. I felt like shouting to her across the glass partition, "No, you don't understand! I'm here only as a reporter! I'm cool—not like the rest of those perverts!" But like the rest of those perverts, I entered the theatre silently, nervous and expectant and most decidedly uncool.

Ostentatiously displaying my pen and notebook, I sat down near the back of the theatre, and looked around with the hard and cynical manner of the experienced reporter I pretended to be. Scattered randomly throughout the movie house were less than 50 people, mostly middle-aged men sitting by themselves. Poor bastards, I thought contemptuously, relishing my position as a Groovy Member of the New Generation. Here and there were some couples on a date, or some kids. It was silent, except for an occasional whisper or giggle.

Up on the screen, a rather fat young lady is squirming around on a bed, leering into the camera, and massaging her breasts. There is no real soundtrack or

anything, none of those fantastic Ooooh's and Aaaaaaaah's that help make dirty movies so enjoyable, but just some tinny jazz grinding out of the speakers, crackling with static. Needless to say, I am still playing journalist, writing down things like "tits" and "girl on bed." Meanwhile, I feel myself getting horny as hell, and I shift uncomfortably in my seat. My intellect is ravine "Levine you asshole! How the hell can you get horny at a cheap movie like this? You should be ashamed of yourself. It's in black-and-white, and there's no soundtrack!" My id mutters something like "Well, gee, what do you expect? There's a naked girl rubbing herself on the screen. I'm...I'm only human, you know."

It is quite embarrassing. I have stopped taking notes and I am leaning forward, my throat parched, my palms sweaty. Then, suddenly, it all changes.

There are now three men, truly ciotned, on the screen. They are talking about obscenity. They are sitting on a couch in somebody's apartment, talking about "experimental films," and the microphone is dangling in front of them, suspended from the ceiling. There is a short, dark-haired guy, a tall thin blonded man with a mustache, both young, and a middle-aged man who has an uncanny resemblance to Spiro Agnew. In fact, as they continue talking, I am positive that the older man indeed is Spiro agnew, and it is intriguing to realize that the Vice-President of the United States once played the role of an aging film critic in a dirty film called *Cinema Verite*. A little research has further disclosed that Agnew played innocuous roles in skin flicks when he was Baltimore County Executive, as a favor to a producer friend of his, Lawrence Epstein.

In any case, their discussion is ridiculous and quite boring, filled with comments like "Europeans are far more receptive to sophisticated avant-garde films than Americans." They talk for ten minutes at a stretch throwing out mindless references to European directors, and names at the European film directors. Finally, the short fellow nods at the cameraman, and holds up his hands to cut off the discussion, which has by now put half of the audience to sleep. "Well, here's a segment from a new film I've done, so let's put it on the projector," he says, getting up clumsily with a reel of film. The lights are darkened in the apartment, and the three high-minded critics gaze with great solemnity at the screen in the living room. And in the Rex, a few snoring old men grumble awake.

The purpose of the otherwise pointless discussion was to give the film redeeming social value, in line with Supreme Court decisions. I looked around scornfully. "I bet these idiots never heard of the *Roth* or *Ginzburg* decisions," I thought, trying to preserve the difference between me, hip intellectual and them, dregs of humanity.

Nevertheless, I leaned forward hopefully. After all that talk, there better be some good dirt. All around the theatre, people were sitting up. On the screen came a silent film of two lesbians kissing and hugging each other under the sheets. The soundtrack was different this time, with tinny, third-rate "psychedelic" music replacing the tinny, third-rate jazz of the other film clip. First one girl would rub the other, then the other would return the compliment. It was a drag.

Then came another discussion, focusing on sado-masochism. "I think flagellation and that sort of thing is good if it's done tastefully," said Spiro. Tasteful flagellation? Then, to prove his point, he dramatically presented a can of film containing, he said, "daring excerpts from Swedish and Danish films." Once again, the apartment lights darkened, and the Rex audience was treated to random shots of, among other things, a skinny man kissing two writhing beauties, and two girls playfully fighting each other on a bed. The fight sequence, like the others, was boring, and consisted mainly of girls encased in all sorts of

garters and straps and buttons and wires rolling around endlessly.

The film ended with Spiro piously remarking, "Remember, the biggest monymaker of all time had no sex in it. It was the *Sound of Music*." With that, they got up to shake hands, bumping into the suspended microphone, while THE END flashed on the screen.

Skin flick audiences are amazingly tolerant, I discovered. They will wade through hours of boring shit with the vain hope of catching one or two steamy sequences. Having paid their money, they are now stuck with whatever is on the screen. Unfortunately for many, the director's idea of what is stimulating doesn't conform to their own. Everybody in the theatre has their own little fetish, and they wait eagerly for it to show on the screen. So, what directors do is to throw in a little something for everybody.

"Look, Joe, make sure you splice in some scenes of earlobes, okay?", the director says over the phone to the film editor. Leafing through a Kraft-Ebbing volume on his desk in Bayonne, New Jersey, he continues, I think we need a few more shots of girls in whips and sombreros. Also we could use some more closeups of a woman painting her toenails, but nice, you know? Not like last time, when the broad had athlete's foot."

And it was that same patient hope for their own little thing that kept the Rex crowd waiting for the feature film, "Unusual Requests." With a title like that, it just had to be perverted.

The film opened with a coldly pretty girl standing in a fog, with the voice-over huskily saying, "I had taken the American drug, LSD, and it was so good. But now it was wearing off. I had wanted it to go on forever." Although the film was shot for roughly \$83.45 in Germany, by focusing on LSD it reflected that good old Middle American hang-up with hippie sexuality. "But Melvin, all these skinny kids do all day is fuck and take drugs. It's not fair!!!"

We're the new niggers in more than one way. The core reason for John Mitchell's fascism is that he secretly thinks Abbie Hoffman has a bigger schlong than Mitchell does.

Anyway, as this lady keeps talking about the ecstasies of acid, the director cuts in with his version of an acid vision, namely a fuzzy shot of two girls wrapped in 3,000 yards of garter belts and nylons, pawing at each other. Although the film is in black-and-white, and heavily burdened with the lack of a sound track, the director also makes a silly attempt to show that this isn't a skin flick at all, but

continued on page 6

INNOLUEMENT



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HYPERTHYROID MONSTER PEOPLE & CREAMY YOUNG MEN

sirkin on fellini in his decline

Fellini *Satyricon* does have one thing going in its favor: a certain visual consistency. The image of the pre-Christian world that it's bent on developing is a coherent one, and, in a very limited way, an effective one, too. Really, Fellini's idea of ancient Rome is about as unlike the Rome of the conventional movie spectacular as it could possibly be. There are no sparkling green marble terraces around, and no pretty colored fountains. Hermes-Pan hasn't designed any sexy pagan dance rituals for the extras. None of the actors has the exquisitely manicured look of the well-tended mummies in the average DeMille epic. The architecture isn't Hollywood-barbaric. Nothing gleams. The texture, the whole "feel" of this movie, is wet and foul and smoky. It even seems to smell hideous. It's not any more accurate or any more documentary than the ambience in the typical Hollywood treatment of Roman dissoluteness, but it's a lot less antisetic, almost as if the screen were stained with a dirty liquid of some kind. There's nothing in this vision of a decaying city that's not wet or filthy. Ships and art galleries and houses and tombs — they're all horrendously deformed and rotten. The people inhabiting them are nearly all freaks (in the old sense), with sagging flesh and disintegrating faces. Everything is dirty, even nature. The skies are black or inflamed, the oceans are foul, the food looks contaminated. Even the healthiest, most joyous thing in the film — some playful three-way love making — takes place in a pool of dirty water. In every possible way, this Rome is a polluted, gangrenous place, a sickening prison. It's impossible to look in on it without feeling trapped; the few scenes that have some air and some light in them are like divine pardons. Fellini has built an airtight hell here, and everything that he's put into it contributes in some way to the overall ghastliness. There are no false or jarring notes, nothing that doesn't fit the pattern. It all adds up to a uniformly shriveled whole. From every angle, the movie looks clammy and ugly and disarrayed, and the look has been very carefully worked out. The visual elements have been very successfully integrated, and they yield up an extremely thorough portrait of a dream civilization on the decline. Fellini's surreal picture of Rome's earliest death throes is very fully realized. There's no questioning that.

This movie's world is a diseased one, all right, but it's only possible to be infected by it for so long — say, for twenty minutes or half an hour. After that, all the slime and all the muck start losing their force, and they never really gain it back. They aren't enough to support a whole movie, certainly not

a movie as long as this one. But that's what they're asked to do — there's nothing else in the film that could be expected to hold it together. *Fellini Satyricon* is the most protracted movie so far this year — more so than even *Hello, Dolly!* — because it has nothing but its "style." It's a consistent style, and in some ways that's an advantage. But given the special character of this movie, it's also a bad curse. A consistent style is an admirable trait in a film, but it can't be relied on to provide variety, at least not single-handedly, and it certainly doesn't create much variety the way Fellini uses it. Long before the movie is over, its unusual appearance has stopped seeming unusual. It just becomes a given fact, in the same way that the intentionally atrocious dubbing and sound recording become given facts. Monotony sets in fast.

There's really nothing else to the film but its texture. Fellini has said that he doesn't want to engage the audience's emotions with his *Satyricon*. To that end, he's eliminated anything from the movie's events that might faintly suggest a dramatic structure. There are two semi-heroes drifting through the action — a couple of creamy-looking young men who seem caught up in a haphazard friendly rivalry. They're the movie's main characters, but they're put to no dramatic use whatsoever. They sort of attend banquets, they sort of get captured by pirates, they sort of ball a hyperthyroid slave girl, they sort of (in one case) die, they sort of (in another case) eat a dead man's flesh, they sort of chase after a slutty little boy-slave. They sort of do all these things, but no impact grows out of their behavior, but there are no defined dramatic conflicts animating it. There's no preparation for what they do, and no sustained observation of its consequences, either. None of the scenes that they're in has a protagonist — the little bit of focus there is in the action is shifted around continually. Events have very little relationship with other events. With one exception, no sense of character is given off by the actors. There is, in effect, no drama in the film, nothing for a spectator to identify with, nothing to become concerned about. It's been clear for quite a while now that Fellini the dramatist has withdrawn from making films, and this latest movie of his doesn't have anything to indicate that he has any pl-

retirement short.

Satyricon has some elements of primordi. lurking in its corners, but there's no shred of dramatic tension in it anywhere. It's an entirely depersonalized movie — for all practical purposes, an emotional vacuum. That's a shame, because in his younger days, back

in the Fifties, Fellini was a very remarkable writer of screenplays, a sensitive humorist with a talent for unslyrly pathos.

Since he's not out to seize his audience's feelings, Fellini could logically be aiming toward challenging their minds, toward forcing them to look into the nature of decadence and to examine the way that a demoralized society operates, how it comes into being and how it shows itself. He could be aiming at that sort of thing, but it's not very likely. The only way to consider most of these problems intelligently would be through dialogue, and in this movie, there's not very much of that — at least not very much that's worth listening to. The few long conversation scenes that might car-

in the inevitable procession of freaks popping up all the time. The movie is mobbed with monster-humans, men and women with green teeth and cannon-ball breasts and cardboard hair, all merging into a very unorthodox gallery of perverts and mutants. *Fellini Satyricon* has plenty of unearthly things in it, but it's still not a very sensational film. Something dowdy and exhausted about it stops it from becoming erotic or unsettling. *Wild in the Streets* had a more frightening, more sensuous surface, and so do a few of the other recent A.I.P. movies. There's an abundance of homosexuals and transvestites and sex maniacs on hand, and a lot of other things that add to the general ungodliness of the imagery, but apart from a scene when a slave's hand is



ry some intellectual cargo are trite beyond belief. Fellini must have some purpose for including them, but his motive remains obscure. Still, whatever the reason for these scenes might be, they're definitely not intended to present serious arguments about the decay of a culture. They couldn't be. The old poet's moanings about how much hostility there is to art and culture in a society that's money-crazy might work out fine in an Edna Ferber novel, but they're not exactly the kinds of thoughts that shed any new light on the ways in which a civilization saps its own artistic vitality. There's also nothing particularly illuminating in the tragic nobleman's ponderous farewells to his servants and to his tow-headed daughter — nothing that shows any sensitivity to the plight of a man who isn't able to let his surroundings debase him. These scenes don't achieve much intellectually, and neither do any of Fellini's other little lectures about how nasty depravity is and how good reason is. Nothing exciting is said in any of the movie's discussions of conditions in an enervated, self-destroying society, and in the long run, nothing too exciting is expressed in any of its visual explorations of the topic either. A stone tenement building collapses, an artist is threatened with torture, the people look generally soulless, but very little that's provocative ever comes out of it all. A great deal of planning obviously went into this film, but not very much thinking.

The only way left for Fellini to reach people is to try to shock them, to speak to their crotches and their guts and their most primitive memories. Probably, that is what he's trying to do. The movie is tenanted with all sorts of strange things burped up from his unconscious — tortured-sounding electronic music, severed heads and hands, a prehistoric fish streaming, jeering crowds of people making awful faces and mouthing weird chants. He's out to make his audience dizzy with sensation, so of course there's the

chopped off, there aren't many sequences in the movie that are terrifying or shocking or titillating. The frenzied orgy at the home of a pretentious bourgeois Philistine comes off mostly like a groggy Bar Mitzvah party. Likewise, a journey thru a Roman brothel isn't noticeably different from a trip through a very tacky amusement park spook-house. The ugliness and the perversity of the characters lose their shock appeal after a while, because they seem so arbitrary. They're very obviously meant to stun and arouse, and the obviousness makes them oppressive. With them go the movie's nuances of drawing in its audiences.

There was, in fact, so little on the screen to respond to in *Satyricon* that I'm not being facetious here — I found myself spending a great deal of time remarking to myself on the scary resemblance that the movie's three male principals bore, respectively, to Sandra Dee, Ava Gardner, and Barbra Streisand. And I don't think that I was alone in my desperation. The people around me seemed restless also, hard up for something to become involved with, something with a tiny bit of spirit behind it, or spontaneity. They were so anxious to find something in the movie to press up against that when a little gag episode about a sexy widow was acted out at one point, they didn't just laugh, they broke out applauding. The scene could have come straight out of *A Guide to the Married Man*, but at least it made sense and at least it went somewhere. They could react to it. The same thing couldn't honestly be said about the rest of the movie, not by any stretch of the imagination.

With no doubt, *Fellini Satyricon* is going to be a great financial success. People will want to see it, no matter what, and not only because of its advertising campaign and its subject matter are so tempting and so charged with lurid



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cont. p. 16

BALTIMORE SOUND CLIPPER MILL



by P.J. O'Rourke

Clipper Mill used to be David Taylor and the Jewish Twoish. I heard them for the first time when they came to play free at the Calvert St. and Preston Commune. There were about a thousand people in the house and we couldn't get them to come upstairs and ball or smoke dope because David Taylor was doing flute riffs in the living room and there was the roof upstairs and a barrel of popcorn and free LSD and they all stood in the living room and watched David Taylor because he was doing flute riffs.

Clipper Mill by any name was never for lumpen freakouts that went in six months from the Monkees to Jimmy Page. Clipper Mill is subtle and original and probably not banal enough for its own good. I asked them if they got many gigs and they said not an awful lot. They have no luck with clubs because they won't play other people's stuff. Everything they play on a gig is their own. And this is another problem too. Jeff Berkow, the bass player and lead singer, said they'd never had a good three-set repertoire, that they had to stretch it with u.s. riffs to get three sets out of their own material. I think he exaggerated that. I'd never heard any holes when they were playing, but they feel the strain of only having twenty or so finished pieces. Being together about a year and not turning out slop, it's slow building. They played the Read St. festivals, most of our outdoor things, Druid Hill and Wyman Parks, Essex, and teen centers, but they say they don't feel Baltimore freaks are self-confident enough yet to listen to original music that isn't totally beat. And they don't favor total beat. Beat is there but it shows the complexity of their musical origins. Berkow comes out of rock and roll. Said he was a kid, heard the Beatles for the first time and flipped out. The drummer, Bruce Sandler is a Buddy Rich fan. Dave Taylor plays lead, bass, flute, sax, piano, organ, and a whole lot of other shit, and was originally a bluegrass musician. This explains some of the confusion I've felt in trying to type their music. It doesn't explain the way they play. Sandler drums the way you'd expect Berkow to play bass and Berkow plays the bass the way you'd expect Taylor to play the guitar though Taylor plays guitar like you'd expect Sandler to drum, or something. They're close friends and they picked up all this shit and blended it together in funk. Just before they formed DT&TJ, Taylor was playing folk music, Sandler was trying to put together a hopped-up band, Berkow was looking for a Led Zeppelin-style group — so (Berkow seemed to

imply some causal relationship) they started playing Zappaesque free forms.

I went to hear them jam at Taylor's house on the edge of Hampden. Taylor lives on a dirt road in one of a row of old factory workers' houses, surrounded by friendly hillbillys. Clipper Mill plays in a lean-to that David built at the back of the house and there's so little electricity that everything else has to be shut off when the amplifiers are plugged in. Nobody on the street has a phone. By the time they were tuned up, all the neighbors had gathered at the doorway. Marie, who is very old, came in and sang with them. She sang "By and By" very strong in a crackling voice. I sat on the dirt floor and read the Charlie Manson issue of *Rolling Stone* while they fucked around, and I listened when they played. I don't know what kind of music they play. It's rock, but jazz rhythms and Merle Haggard keep showing through. Sandler plays with the ass end of his drum sticks and makes more use of the cymbals than anyone I've seen except the drummer for the Velvet Underground. He brings up strange sounds by moving back and forth between the middle and the edge of the cymbal. Berkow plays a precise, almost delicate bass devoid of pseudo-orgastic sledge hammer chords. Taylor, on whatever instrument, is a remarkable musician. He goes off on weird trains of tone without ever ripping off the group's tightness. The thing that Clipper Mill does that adds most to their sound is attention, like the Beatles, to keeping an upbeat. They never slip into narcissistic smack-head noise or over-extension of any riff. The music is always on the way Gene Vincent was on or even Charlie Parker.

Clipper Mill is a little weak on voice. They have three-part harmony on everything and solid unpretentious rock lyrics. But Berkow's voice isn't as versatile as it might be. He says the singing part is hell. When he sings he has to simplify his bass parts. They need a lead singer, but don't want to play except with a close friend, don't want to do other people's stuff, and really don't want someone who can only sing. Their tightness is at stake. Berkow's singing has improved since I first met him, and there's no reason it should not get better still. Their singing is never bad or offensive, it just isn't up to the quality of their music.

Clipper Mill cut its first single June 29. It's called "A Little Green," and they had not decided what else when I talked to them. They plan to press about 500 and sell it locally, themselves, for about a dollar. Another step forward in the Baltimore cultural revolution.

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continued from page 20

THURSDAY, JULY 16

Music:

"National Country & Western" Merriweather Post Pavilion 8:30 P.M.

"Rosemarie Bottalico" - harpist recital - Leakin Hall Peabody Conservatory 8 P.M.

"Park Concert Band" Mt. Vernon Place 8 P.M.

Drama:

"Our Town" by Towson State College Summer Theatre Towson State College 8:30 P.M.

"Alice: Who Are You" - An Evening of Lewis Carroll St. John's Church Aud. 8 P.M.

Films:

"Tokyo Olympiad" 2 P.M. Enoch Pratt Free Library

Misc.:

Community Supper 6 P.M. Stoney Run Friend's Mtg. House If possible, bring food.

FRIDAY, JULY 17

Music:

"National Country & Western" Merriweather Post Pavilion 8:30 P.M.

"Meat" at Generation Gap



"Joshua" Parkville Teen Center

Bluesette - open.

"Park Concert Band" Village of Cross Keys 8 P.M.

Blues Back Alley - live blues & jazz 2-5 A.M. (Saturday morning)

Drama:

"Alice: Who Are You" - An Evening of Lewis Carroll St. John's Church Aud. 8 P.M.

"Our Town" by Towson State College Summer Theatre Towson State College 8:30 P.M.

"The Room" "Mimsy Were the Borogoves," "Sorry, Wrong Number" The Bristol Players

Nature:

Pine Barrens Canoe Trip. Advanced reservations - call Robinson 338-1552

Ledge Rats M.C. (runs through July 19)

SATURDAY, JULY 18

Music:

"Bette White" - "Will White" "Pat Nasen" Outdoor Concert. Gold Standard Coffee House

"National Country & Western" Merriweather Post Pavilion 8:30 P.M.

Bluesette - open.

Blues Back Alley - live blues & jazz 2-5 A.M. (Sunday morning)

Drama:

"Alice: Who Are You" - An Evening of Lewis Carroll St. John's Church Aud. 8 P.M.

"Our Town" by Towson State College Summer Theatre Towson State College 8:30 P.M.

"The Room" "Mimsy Were the Borogoves," "Sorry, Wrong Number" The Bristol Players

Nature:

Pine Barrens Canoe Trip. Advanced reservations - call Robinson 338-1552

Ledge Rats M.C. (runs through July 19)

SUNDAY, JULY 19

Music:

Jam session at Bluesette. All musicians welcome.

"Baltimore Municipal Band" Druid Hill Park 5 P.M.

Nature:

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thru Aug. 21
"Summer Workshop in Creative
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THURSDAY, JULY 2

Music:

"James Taylor"
Main Point

"Jerry Butler and the Edwin
Hawkins Singers" - Carter Barron
Amphitheatre 8:30 P.M.

"Park Concert Band"
Irvin Luckman Mem. Playground
Glen & Key Aves. 8 P.M.

Drama:

"Love, Cry, Want" a rock-jazz
group from W. H. 9 P.M.
Peabody Conservatory. Free.

"Yours Truly, John Dillinger"
by Paige Watson
Spotlighters 8:30 P.M.

Films:

"Troublemaker" and "With No
One To Help Us" 2 P.M.
Enoch Pratt Free Library

Misc.:

Community Supper 6 P.M.
Stoney Run Friend's Mtg. House
If possible, bring food.



FRIDAY, JULY 3

Music:

2ND ATLANTA POP FESTIVAL
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"Aubrey Circle" - Bluesette

"Grass Roots"
Ocean City Convention Hall

"James Taylor" - Main Point

"Jerry Butler and the Edwin
Hawkins Singers" - Carter Barron
Amphitheatre 8:30 P.M.

"Park Concert Band"
Federal Hill Park 8 P.M.

Open Stage
It's Open Coffee House

Blues Back Alley - live blues
and jazz 2-5 A.M.
(Saturday morning)

Drama:
"Yours Truly, John Dillinger"
by Paige Watson
Spotlighters 8:30 P.M.

SATURDAY, JULY 4

Music:

"Howdy Doody" - Bluesette

"Bridge"
Gold Standard Coffee House

"James Taylor"
Main Point

Handel's "Royal Fireworks
Music" (and fireworks)
Goucher College 8:30 P.M.

"Baltimore Municipal Band"
Druid Hill Park 2:30-7:00

"Doc Severinson"
Ocean City Convention Hall

"Jerry Butler and the Edwin
Hawkins Singers" - Carter Barron
Amphitheatre 8:30 P.M.

Blues Back Alley - live blues
and jazz 2-5 A.M.
(Sunday morning)

Drama:
"Yours Truly, John Dillinger"
by Paige Watson
Spotlighters 8:30 P.M.

SUNDAY, JULY 5

Music:

"James Brown" 8 P.M.
Merriweather Post Pavilion

"John E. Steig & Group"
Famous Ballroom 5-9 P.M.

"Baltimore Municipal Band"
Druid Hill Park 2:30-7:00

"Pete Seeger" at Baltimore
Tree Party at Ft. McHenry
4 P.M.

"Jerry Butler and the Edwin
Hawkins Singers" - Carter Barron
Amphitheatre 8:30 P.M.

Jam session at Bluesette.
All musicians welcome.

Drama:
"Yours Truly, John Dillinger"
by Paige Watson
Spotlighters 8:30 P.M.

Misc.:

Baltimore Tree Party at Ft.
McHenry with Rev. F. D.
Kirkpatrick - Stewart Meacham
and Pete Seeger. 4 P.M.

MONDAY, JULY 6

"Park Concert Band"
Bocek Playfield - Madison St. &
Edison Hwy. 8 P.M.

Drama:
"I Do, I Do" 8:30 P.M.
Merriweather Post Pavilion

Misc.:

Lecture by Arthur Jacobs, British
Musicologist - "Benjamin Britten:
A Creative Traditionalist"
Peabody Conservatory - Upper
Lounge 5 P.M.

TUESDAY, JULY 7

Music:

"Bob Brunner Quartet"
No Fish Today 9 P.M.

"Park Concert Band"
N. Harford Playground - Berwick
& Hamlet Aves. 8 P.M.

Drama:

"I Do, I Do" 8:30 P.M.
Merriweather Post Pavilion

"Our Town" by Towson State
College Summer Theatre
Towson State College 8:30 P.M.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 8

Music:

"Park Concert Band"
Baybrook Park - 6th St. in
Brooklyn 8 P.M.

Drama:

"I Do, I Do" 8:30 P.M.
Merriweather Post Pavilion

"Our Town" by Towson State
College Summer Theatre
Towson State College 8:30 P.M.

Misc.:

"Educational" by Baltimore
Labor Committee 7:30 P.M.

THURSDAY, JULY 9

Music:

"Park Concert Band"
Jewish Community Center
5700 Park Hgts. Ave. 8 P.M.

"Choral Concert" - Gregg Smith
conducting - Peabody Conservatory
Peabody Plaza 8 P.M.

Drama:

"Alice: Who Are You" - An
Evening of Lewis Carroll
St. John's Church Aud. 8 P.M.

"I Do, I Do" 8:30 P.M.
Merriweather Post Pavilion

"Our Town" by Towson State
College Summer Theatre
Towson State College 8:30 P.M.

SUNDAY, JULY 12

Music:

BENEFIT FOR MUSICIANS
CO-OP!!!!!! Maryland Institute 2-12 midnight
ALLEN DALE - AUBREY CIRCLE
BLUSH - CALHOUN - CLIPPER
MILL - EMERSON'S - HOWDY
DOODY - JOSHUA - MEAT -
PROCREATION.

Films:
"Primary" and "Lonely Boy"
Enoch Pratt Free Library 2 P.M.

Atlantis Publishing Company
233 East 25th Street
Baltimore, Maryland 21218

Nature:

Rock climbing - hiking at Cathedral
& Whitehorse Ledges.
Ledge Rats M.C. 338-1552
Runs through July 12.

Misc.:

Direct Action at CBW Headquarters
7 A.M. - Ft. Detrich in Frederick
11 A.M. - Edgewood Arsenal,
(civil disobedience anticipated)

Community Supper 6 P.M.
Stoney Run Friend's Mtg. House
If possible, bring food.

MONDAY, JULY 13

Music:

"Meat" - Bluesette

TUESDAY, JULY 14

Music:

"Festival of Music" sponsored
by Bureau of Recreation
Balto. Memorial Stadium
8:30 P.M. Free.

"Washington Nat'l. Symphony"
Merriweather Post Pavilion
8:30 P.M.

Misc.:

Lecture/Demonstration: Electronic
Music - Jean Ivey 5 P.M.
Peabody Conservatory - Leakin Hall

WEDNESDAY, JULY 15

Music:

"ASSOCIATION" 8 P.M.
Merriweather Post Pavilion

"Bob Brunner Quartet"
No Fish Today 9 P.M.

Drama:

"Our Town" by Towson State
College Summer Theatre
Towson State College 8:30 P.M.

THURSDAY, JULY 16

Music:

"National Country & Western"
Merriweather Post Pavilion
8:30 P.M.

"Park Concert Band"
Violetville School #226 8 P.M.
Pine Hgts. Ave. & Clarendon Rd.

Drama:

"Our Town" by Towson State
College Summer Theatre
Towson State College 8:30 P.M.

FRIDAY, JULY 17

Films:

"No Exit" 8 P.M.
Peabody Conservatory - Leakin H.
THE STAFF

Misc.:

"Educational" by Baltimore
Labor Committee 7:30 P.M.

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